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CONTENTS.

I. THE WORTHIES OF NORWICH, . . .	<i>Edinburgh Review,</i> . . .	451
II. THE FEAST OF THE SUPREME BEING, 1794. Translated for THE LIVING AGE, from the French of	<i>Adolphe Adam,</i>	470
III. SAINT-EVREMOND,	<i>Fortnightly Review,</i>	478
IV. GERTRUDE,	<i>Argosy,</i>	489
V. A NEW DIALECT; OR, YOKOHAMA PIDGIN, Part XII.,	<i>New Quarterly Review,</i>	496
VI. SARAH DE BERENGER. By Jean Ingelow.	<i>Advance Sheets,</i>	501
VII. THE REIGN OF HUMOR,	<i>Globe,</i>	509
VIII. INTRODUCTIONS,	<i>Queen,</i>	511

POETRY.

THE LATTER LAW,	450 TWO SONGS,	450
MISCELLANY,		512

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THE LATTER LAW.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THROUGH THE AGES."

I.

WHEN, school'd to resignation, I had ceased
To yearn for my lost Eden; when I knew
No loving spirit brooded in the blue,
And none could see his coming in the East,
I looked for comfort in my creed; I sought
To draw all nature nearer, to replace
The sweet old myths, the tenderness, the
 grace
Of God's dead world of faith and reverent
thought.

Oh, joy! I found the stern new law reveal
Rouance more rare than poesy creates:
Your blood, it said, is kindred with the sap
Which throbs within the cedar, and may-
hap
In some dim wise the tree reciprocates,
Even as a Dryad, all the love you feel!

II.

You and the great glad earth are kith and kin.
There is one base, one scheme of life, one
 hope
On that and this side of the microscope.
All things, now wholes, have parts of many
 been,
And all shall be. A disk of Homer's blood
May redden a daisy on an English lawn,
And what was Chaucer glimmer in the dawn
To-morrow o'er the plains where Ilion stood.

No jot is lost, or scorned, or disallowed;
One law reigns over all. Take you no care,
For while all beings change one life en-
 dures,
And a new cycle waits for you and yours
To melt away, like streaks of morning cloud,
Into the infinite azure of things that were.

III.

And soon the selfish clinging unto sense,
The longing that this Me should never fail,
Loosed quivering hands, for oh! of what
 avail
Were such survival of intelligence
If all the great and good of days gone by—
Plato, Hypatia, Shakespeare—had sur-
 ceased,
Had mingled with the cloud, the plant, the
 beast,
And God were but a mythos of the sky?

And when I thought, o'ershadowed with
strange awe,
How Christ was dead—had ceased in utter
 woe,
With that great cry "Forsaken!" on the
 cross,
I felt at first a sense of bitter loss,
And then grew passive, saying, "Be it so!
'Tis one with Christ and Judas. 'Tis the
law!"

IV.

But when my child, my one girl-babe lay
dead—
The blossom of me, my dream and my de-
 sire—
And unshed tears burned in my eyes like
 fire,
And when my wife subdued her sobs, and
 said—
Oh! husband, do not grieve, be comforted,
She is with Christ!—I laughed in my de-
 spair.
With Christ! Oh! God, and where is
 Christ, and where
My poor dead babe? and where the countless
 dead?

The great glad earth—my kin—is glad as
 though
No child had ever died; the heaven of May
Leans like a laughing face above my grief.
Is *she* clean lost forever? How shall I know?
Oh! Christ, art thou still Christ? And
 shall I pray
For fulness of belief or unbelief?
Examiner. WILLIAM CANTON.

TWO SONGS.

BY DORA GREENWELL

I.

A PARTING SONG.

DEEM not these tears that freely fall
Are all for love, for sorrow all.
'Tis love, 'tis youth, 'tis joy that weep
Together ere they sink to sleep!

'Tis love that kindles at thine eye,
'Tis rapture trembling on thy sigh,
'Tis all that from my life I miss
I part from in thy parting kiss.

It is the heart *thy* voice hath stirred
That now would bid its voice be heard,
That clasps thee close, that feels thee near,
That seeks a word, and finds a tear!

II.

GOOD-NIGHT, GOOD-BYE.

SAY not good-bye! Dear friend, from thee
A word too sad that word would be.
Say not good-bye! Say but good-night,
And say it with thy tender, light,
Caressing voice, that links the bliss
Of yet another day with this.
Say but good-night!

Say not good-bye! Say but good-night:
A word that blesses in its flight,
In leaving hope of many a kind,
Sweet day like this we leave behind.
Say but good-night! Oh, never say
A word that taketh thee away!
Say but good-night!
Good-night!

Good Words.

From The Edinburgh Review.
THE WORTHIES OF NORWICH.*

THESE works are none of them of recent date, but they supply us with a suitable introduction and with ample materials for the object we have in view, which is to bring before our readers some record of those whose lives conferred distinction on the social and literary annals of the chief city of eastern England in the first quarter of the present century and even in much earlier times. They, indeed, have passed away, and have left no very deep mark in literature or science. But the fine arts, cultivated at Norwich under the influence of this genial society as they have never been cultivated in any other English provincial town, have left more enduring traces of genius. It was with some surprise that the connoisseurs of the metropolis saw the other day, collected in the sanctuary of the arts, a whole gallery of the works of Crome, Cotman, Stark, Vincent, and Stannard, all Norwich artists, rivalling the painters of Holland, and adding a brilliant page to the history of English art. These men have recently attained a degree of celebrity and importance of which in their lifetime they never dreamed, and we feel pleasure in adding our testimony to their posthumous fame. Their pictures, chiefly painted in the heart of Norwich or in its vicinity, brought before us the county by the sea, with its waves and cliffs, its heaths and commons, its cornfields, its old manor and farm houses, its fens and marshes, its willow-shadowed rivers and Dutch-like meadows, and re-

called the city which, planted in its centre, embalms so much of the past history of the eastern counties in architectural relics and old traditions.

The county of Norfolk, which now enjoys the distinction of providing a royal dwelling-place, has also, in time past, been more than once the scene of a visit from the kings and queens of England, and in the days of Queen Elizabeth, on the occasion of a progress which she made through the county in 1578, a procession of the goodliest and comeliest of the young men of Norwich rode, headed by the mayor, to meet their sovereign, when one of these riders, more gaily dressed than the rest, in green and white, with hat and plume and nobly mounted, represented the early British "King Gurguntus, sometime king of England, who built the castle of Norwich, and laid the foundation of the city." So dim and remote is the personality of this barbarian king, that he seems to hover between the realms of the historical and the mythical; but the lingering tradition served to enliven the welcome of Queen Elizabeth, although it fades before the better attested record of Saxon times.

It is said that, in the ninth century, Alfred the Great, to end the Danish wars and establish peace, placed the fair-haired Guthrum, king of Denmark, in possession of the castle in East Anglia, which, bearing traces of early British origin, crowned, as, with later additions, it still crowns, that spot in Norfolk, once flanked by the sea, where the Wensum bends its waters into an enclosing curve before travelling on eastward to join the Yare, to fill with it and the Waveney the expanse of Breydon Water, and to reach the flat, monotonous shores which skirt for miles the approaches to Great Yarmouth. Around this castle, the events, needs, and circumstances which arose in the course of centuries, gradually accumulated a varied assemblage of objects, and grew into the city now existing as the capital of Norfolk.

But other causes, more peculiar and local, moulded the subsequent destinies of the town, and impressed their results upon its history. Such were the ecclesiastical element, when the cathedral, the monasteries, the churches, rose up to give an

* 1. *Collective Works of Dr. SAYERS.* With a Biography by WILLIAM TAYLOR, of Norwich. 2 vols. 8vo. Norwich: 1823.

2. *Memoir and Correspondence of Sir James Edward Smith, M.D., President of the Linnean Society.* Edited by LADY SMITH. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1832.

3. *A Memoir of the Life and Writings of the late William Taylor, of Norwich.* Compiled and edited by S. W. ROBBERS, of Norwich. 2 vols. 8vo. 1843.

4. *Memorials of the Life of Amelia Opie.* By CECILIA LUCY BRIGHTWELL. 8vo. Norwich: 1854.

5. *Memoir of the Life of Mrs. Fry.* By two of her Daughters. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1848.

6. *The Autobiography of HARRIET MARTINEAU.* 3 vols. 8vo. London: 1876.

7. *Catalogue of the Pictures exhibited at Burlington House in the Winters of 1877-78, including a special Selection of the Works of the principal Artists of the Norwich School.*

important character to the see; the foreign element, largely introduced by the settlement of Flemish traders in the fourteenth and sixteenth centuries, and later by the immigration of Huguenots from France at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes; the aristocratic atmosphere, occasioned by the frequent residence within the city of the Dukes of Norfolk, with their palace, provincial court, and train of followers; and, in its measure, the element supplied by the presence of the Norfolk county gentry, whose custom it was to seek their winter quarters in the many-gabled mansions which, with spacious gardens and orchards attached to them, gave dignity to the architecture of the streets. The knight, the prelate, and the merchant, the antiquary and the artist, the man of science and the man of letters, are all represented on this provincial stage. Others also, besides those whose actual birthplace was Norwich, have so closely connected themselves with the town as to leave their fame and memory in the place in which they found their field of action or of suffering; the bishops, who created, enriched, or expanded the glories of the cathedral; the knights, who, possessing houses in Norwich, linked with it the names of Boleyn, Paston, and Fastolf; the poet, that Earl of Surrey, whose poetical genius and undeserved fate have rendered him memorable, and who was well known in Norwich as the owner and occupier of two palaces in and near the town; * the martyr Bilney, who, in 1531, tinged the waters of

the Wensum with the glare of the flaming stake upon its brink; and those earlier martyrs who perished in the "Lollards' Pit," a spot still known by their name, a monument of the precursors of the Reformation. The religious persecution which followed the advent of Wicliffe spread to Norfolk, and terminated in the arrest and punishment of many of those who held the opinions which were considered at once heretical and traitorous. One of these disciples of Wicliffe, William White, a priest, who, resigning his benefice, left the south of England and took up his abode in Norfolk, where his saintly life and earnest message made a deep impression, was arrested and brought to Norwich, and, by the decision of Bishop Wakering, was led out from the castle of Norwich one morning in the month of September, 1428, and, crossing the river to the hollow under the hill—that spot where the broken ground, flattened into a platform in the centre, rises into a low amphitheatre, looking straight over the river on to the cathedral spire—suffered, beneath the gaze of the bank of spectators, the death which has been so often and so vividly described by Foxe, the death by gallows, chain, and fuel, or by stake and faggot.

Amongst the Norwich worthies of that age must be mentioned Sir Thomas Erpingham, whose memory is perpetuated by a gateway to the Upper Close which bears his name. His father, Sir John Erpingham, succeeded to the estate at Erpingham, the old inheritance, country residence, and burial-place of the family, only a few months before his own death. His life had been passed mainly in Norwich, in the occupation of the "corner house on the west side of the street against Rose Lane," the site of which is given by Blomefield in his map of Norwich. Here it is probable that the son was born and brought up, who is known to later generations for his loyal devotion to Henry V., for his gallantry at Agincourt, for the interest and active part which he took in the affairs of the city during his long life, and for his excellent taste in architecture. A small old print gives a quaint likeness of this Norwich knight. His life was as varied as his tastes; at one time the hero

* The Earl of Surrey had a house in "Surrey Street," and one on Mousehold Heath. "At the dissolution of the Priory of St. Leonard, King Henry VIII. granted it to Thomas Duke of Norfolk, whose son, Henry Earl of Surrey, built a sumptuous house on the site, in which he dwelt." (Blomefield's Norfolk, vol. iv. p. 427.) It is stated in the work—"Indication of Memorials, Monuments, Paintings, and Engravings of Persons of the Howard Family," by Henry Howard of Corby Castle, privately printed, 1834, that there are fourteen portraits of Lord Surrey extant: three by Holbein (one at Knowle, one at Kensington Palace, and one at Windsor), two others at Knowle, one at Arundel Castle, one by Vertue (a copy of the Arundel Castle portrait), one at Greystoke Castle by Sir Antonio More, one at Worksop Manor, one at Oxburgh, a second at Windsor, one by Houbraken, locality unknown, a small head on board at Oxford, and a highly finished head on board, apparently a copy of the Arundel Castle picture, which was in the possession of Dr. Nott.

of a battle, at another the centre of that domestic life of which his wife Joan, the daughter of Sir William Clopton, a lady traditionally of great beauty, formed the ornament; now devoted to the doctrines of Wicliffe, encouraging the so-called Lollards' movement, and incurring the disapproval of the Bishop of Norwich, that warlike bishop, Le-de-Spencer, who, with his sword in one hand and his pastoral staff in the other, administered the affairs of his diocese; then founding a monastery, building the fine church for the brethren of the Black Friars, now well known as St. Andrew's Hall, and devising, with all rich and significant decoration, an entrance gateway to the episcopal precincts, which is one of the best specimens of the architecture of his age. The arms of Erpingham, an inescutcheon in an orle of martlets, and the arms of Joan Walton and Joan Clopton, his two wives, are placed upon the edifice, and in a niche above the tall archway is the effigy of Sir Thomas himself, a figure in armor, with pointed beard and waving hair, armed with sword and shield, with upraised face and hands joined in prayer.*

Sir Thomas Erpingham, "a good old commander and a most kind gentleman," described by the contemporary poet Lydgate as "Sir Thomas Erpingham, that never did faille," is alluded to by Monstrellet in the chronicle written almost in the lifetime of the knight. It was Erpingham, a knight "grown grey with age and honor," who gave the signal for the onset at Agincourt. Placing the archers in front, and, in the name of the king, exhorting them all most earnestly to defend their lives, he flung into the air a truncheon which he held in his hand, crying out, "Now strike!" The fidelity of Sir Thomas Erpingham to the king has been recorded by Shakespeare, who gives him a place in his play of "King Henry V.:"—
Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham:
A good soft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churlish turf of France.

Erp. Not so, my liege: this lodging likes me better,

Since I may say, "Now lie I like a king."

* Blomefield, vol. iv. p. 39. Sir Thomas Browne's "Antiquities of Norwich."

The incidents of Agincourt and the French campaign suggested perhaps to Sir Thomas Erpingham the idea of placing in St. Michael's Church in Norwich the painted glass window which contained the arms of the heroes of Crécy and Poitiers. This and the rebuilding of St. Andrew's Hall seem to have been the last acts of his life; he lived to see the death of the king he had served, as he had previously seen those of his predecessors—Edward III., Richard II., and Henry IV.—and died himself in 1428 at the opening of the War of the Roses.

The French wars remind us of another Norfolk family, that of Wodehouse, which still bears the proud device of "Agincourt" on its shield in memory of the good service done by John Wodehouse to Henry V. on that day, and the present Earl of Kimberley still possesses the silver cup presented by that sovereign to his ancestor. The Wodehouses, though strictly a county family, living near Wymondham, have always been closely connected with Norwich. Mr. Edmund Wodehouse, long member for the county, and father of the present Sir Philip Wodehouse, lived in the Upper Close. His brother was a prebendary of the cathedral. In our own day, and under Whig auspices, the head of this distinguished family has reached the dignity of an earldom.

The sixteenth century produced in the city many important events, the persecution of Bilney and other Protestants, Ket's rebellion under the protectorate of Somerset, and the advocacy of the cause of one queen and the loyal reception of another, but it also bore there its quiet fruit of intellectual progress. Two men distinguished for ability, scholarship, and large enterprise, Dr. Kaye, the founder of Caius College, Cambridge, and Matthew Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury, were born in Norwich, and began, in different directions, their work of usefulness and light.

Dr. Kaye, or, as he is commonly called, Dr. Caius, whose life was more varied in its scope and interests than that of Matthew Parker, was born in 1510, and, adding to his literary pursuits a love of science, adopted the career of a physician. After

his course at Cambridge, he took the degree of doctor of medicine at Padua in 1541, he was admitted a fellow of the College of Physicians in 1547, and became the first of that remarkable series of eminent men who have, from his time down to the present moment, represented and practised in Norwich the medical profession.

The life of Dr. Caius is divided into distinct periods; many years at the University of Padua, a settlement at Norwich, a migration to London as court physician to Queen Mary, and a subsequent residence at Cambridge as master of the college which he built, filled up the term of life which is summarized in the short but expressive epitaph upon his tombstone — "*Fui Caius.*"

After the early years spent at Norwich during the childhood of Dr. Caius and Matthew Parker, the influences to which each was subjected produced an opposite effect in assisting to form the opinions and mould the lives of their fellow-townsmen. Matthew Parker, the future archbishop, remained for years at Corpus Christi College, where the spirit of the Reformation was strongly felt and warmly advocated; Dr. Caius dwelt at Padua, where the tastes favorable to Roman Catholicism, of which there are indications in his subsequent life, were probably fostered. He was evidently far from either extreme in the theological struggle that was absorbing England; his selection as court physician by Queen Mary, and the opposition he underwent in later days at Cambridge from those who suspected him of an attachment to Catholic practices, show that he had not taken part with Latimer, Bilney, or Parker in their resolute Protestantism. It is not unlikely that his natural and early sympathies were on the Roman Catholic side, whilst his enlarged mind and varied experience produced the tolerance and respect with which he is said to have treated all Protestants, and the impartiality with which he embraced the Reformed mode of worship. At once a physician, a naturalist, and a scholar, science and letters occupied and absorbed his energies, to the exclusion of any enthusiastic advocacy of religious opinion. To search the libraries of Italy for the manuscripts of Galen, to give these in newer form to the world, to study anatomy and medicine at Padua, and to echo those studies in the constitution and provisions of the college which he founded (one of the privileges of which was to secure yearly the bodies of two malefactors for dissection), to throw his ingenuity and skill into

the invention and dissemination of a means of cure for the plague, called the sweating-sickness, which raged during his time in England, but especially in the towns of Norwich and Shrewsbury, were objects more consistent with his genius than the theological questions to which he had given some attention in his earlier years at Cambridge, but which faded into the distance in the presence of the vigorous studies which originated and ripened the true fruits of his life.

Dr. Caius took advantage of the moment when the plague was raging, bearing off in Norwich alone nine hundred and sixty victims, to send forth to the world the treatise, called "*De Ephemera Britannica*," which spread his reputation, and was the cause of his removal to London. In that treatise, published first in England, and afterwards at Louvain in 1556, he makes allusion to his residence in Italy, when he had exchanged the chill climate of Cambridge and his course of study there for the summer skies and wider learning of Padua. Some lingering memory of the Italian architecture of the portico under which he had so often passed may have suggested to Dr. Caius the idea of the beautiful "Gate of Honor" whose delicate pilasters and rich ornament form so elegant an entrance to the court of Caius College. Years after the Italian episode had passed away, and whilst he was inhabiting the house in London "next under Smythfelde," his principal object became the improvement of the college where he had received his early education. It was in 1557 that he founded and endowed Caius College, incorporating with it Gonville Hall. The room on the east side of the court, the window facing west, which he occupied, is still to be seen; the grave, which, by his order, had been made some years before his death in the chapel, is surmounted by the monument which records the date of burial, 1573; the portraits which preserve the memory of the dark, striking face, also known by the prints which have been prefixed to some of his works, still look down from the walls of the college. These pictures are three: one in the hall, giving the full face; another, a very interesting portrait in profile, with high forehead, aquiline nose, flowing beard, and finely-shaped head, whose noble and severe aspect accords well with the simple, dignified dress of a doctor of medicine, a black cloak with long fur collar, which completes the picture. The third is in the library, a small-sized, dark, ancient-looking painting on panel.

In 1719, in order to carry out repairs, the grave of the first master was opened, and the coffin lid removed, when, a stream of light breaking into the coffin, its contents were disclosed, and the pale, set features of the dead revealed, whole and perfect, with the long beard and fine outline familiar to the denizens of the college.

A simpler index to the qualities of Dr. Caius remains in a short description of him, written within fifty years of his death by Richard Parker, one of the fellows of the college which he founded:—

*Illum, illum, inquam, intelligo doctissimum Caium, cujus pectus in Æsculapii Scholis quis non agnoscat omnis Phœbeæ artis conscium ac veluti βιβλιοθήκην ἐμυρνον, qui varia ingenii sui monumenta vel leniter attigerit! quem egregium per tot annos Medicinæ apud Patavienses in Italia Prælectorem Publicum! quantum hujus Academiæ ornamentum! qualem Cantabrigiensi antiquitatis assertorem!**

This last sentence probably refers to the book which Dr. Caius wrote on the history and antiquities of Cambridge, the manuscript of which he sent to his early friend and associate,† Matthew Parker, and which was published by the latter after the death of Dr. Caius.‡

The career of Matthew Parker, no less than that of John Caius, ended in scenes far distant from the old city associated with the childhood of each. The profession chosen by Parker established him finally at Lambeth, where his valuable services to Queen Elizabeth justified the

* From a manuscript in Caius College Library, Smith's Catalogue, p. 85 of Caius MSS. 173. "Σκελετὸς Cantabrigiensis; sive Collegiorum adumbratilis delineatio, cum suis fundatoribus et benefactoribus plurimis. R(icardus) P(arker). A.D. 1622."

† See letter in appendix to Strype's "Life of Parker," No. 55, p. 162.

‡ Masters' "History of Corpus Christi College," p. 97. It may here be proper to record, in order of time, that the famous grammar school of Norwich was founded in the year 1547, the year of the accession of Edward VI. It is still called King Edward's School, and daily thanks were offered up to the honor and glory of God for the pious benefactor of the school, and especially "pro Edwardo Sexto fundatore nostro." In point of fact, however, the charter of the school seems to have been drawn in the last months of the reign of Henry VIII., though the seal was affixed to it by his successor. The school still occupies the ancient chapel of St. John, near the west gate of the cathedral, which was affected to it on its foundation. This institution has rendered no mean services to the culture of eastern England. It has reckoned among its scholars some illustrious Norfolk names—Lord Chief Justice Coke, Lord Nelson, and, in our own days, Rajah Brooke; and it has sent up to the neighboring university a multitude of men distinguished in their several professions. Dr. Parr was at one time the master of this school; not long after him it passed under the long and meritorious reign of Edward Valpy; and at the present time under Dr. Jessopp, the accomplished historian of the Jesuit martyrs, it sustains to a high degree its ancient character for scholarship and good discipline.

confidence of her ill-fated mother, who had, on the eve of her execution, commended the young princess to the care and counsel of her favorite chaplain. The archbishop records in his journal that he was born in the parish of St. Saviour in the year 1505, educated in that of St. Clement, and that his father, William Parker, died when he was still a child, leaving to his mother, Alicia Monins, the superintendence of her son's education. His aptness for music was apparently less than for the other branches of instruction mentioned in his diary, reading, writing, and grammar, for which he had separate masters—for reading, the rector of St. Clements; for writing, one Prior, clerk of St. Benedict; for grammar, W. Neve; for singing, Love, a priest, "whose harshness he could never forget." The lessons of the rector of St. Clements were more fruitful in their results, and more adapted to the talents of the young scholar; they implanted the love of study for which he was afterwards remarkable, and the taste for letters which led eventually to the formation of his large and carefully collected library of books and manuscripts. He was admitted to Corpus Christi College in 1521, when, like other university students, he lodged in one of the hostels established for their reception in the town. He afterwards had rooms in college, where the conditions of outward comfort appear to have been rather limited; it was during his residence there as an undergraduate that the windows were first glazed, and the hall wainscoted. Before then, the lodge and fellows' chambers even were lighted by windows open to the air, and roofed with unceiled rafters; a similar want of luxury prevailed in the buteries of the university; scholars complained of the hard fare, of the ale, "raw, small, and windy," which, as related by Fuller, was the beverage of all the colleges before "the innovation of beer, the child of hops, was brought into England." But whatever may have been the conditions of food and shelter at that time, the spiritual and mental instincts of the students were amply stirred and satisfied. Then, for the first time, the study of Greek was formally sanctioned, when Richard Croke, who had been preceded by Erasmus in the cultivation of that language in Cambridge, was appointed Greek professor. The companions and contemporaries of Parker were such men as the future statesmen Nicholas Bacon and Cecil. Cambridge contained individuals so eminent that their predecessors in comparison seemed "rather shadows of divines than

divines." Erasmus had just left the university, after a seven years' residence at Queen's College, "allured with the situation of this college, so near the river as Rotterdam, his native place, to the sea;" Cranmer was about to take up the theological lectureship which gathered his disciples around him; Latimer was undergoing at Christ's College the process which changed his enthusiastic devotion to Popery into the zeal for Scriptural truth to which his life was sacrificed; Coverdale was qualifying himself at the Augustine Priory for the execution of that translation of the Bible which has made his name famous; and Thomas Bilney, a fellow of Trinity Hall, a Norfolk man, the Norwich martyr of 1531, was attracting, by his energy in controversy, his determination of character, and his warm and gentle heart, the attention and friendship of many of the dwellers in the university. Of these friends Matthew Parker was one, and it was he who, while still at Cambridge, travelled down from thence to Norwich, on the occasion of the burning of Bilney, to yield the drop of consolation which his presence might afford. It was soon after this event that the fame of his scholarship and successful preaching reached the court, and in March, 1535, he became one of the chaplains of Anne Boleyn. The Norfolk queen, in whose memory the scenes of her early childhood, the green glades, the timber avenues, the antique walls, of Blickling, still lingered, uneffaced by the gay French life and the royal career which had succeeded them, selected and welcomed the Norwich divine as her chaplain, and found in him, during the remaining fourteen months of her life, a partial friend.

He refers repeatedly to her in his letters: "If I had not been so much bound to the mother, I had not consented to serve the daughter," alluding to Elizabeth; speaks of the benevolence of her to whom he is "most singularly obliged," and who "is now in blessed felicity," and of her kindness and favor to him, "her poor countryman." These and many other similar passages, written long after the death of Anne Boleyn, show that the judgment of her poor countryman was given, in spite of the cloud which had rested upon her reputation, in favor of her innocence. During her life Matthew Parker became, by her gift, dean of Stoke College, in Suffolk, and, in 1544, master of Corpus Christi College; but upon the accession of Queen Mary he was deprived of these and other preferments, and, returning to Norfolk, passed, in the literary pursuits for which

he had so strong a bent, the years of seclusion during which his early comrade, Dr. Caius, was, in his turn, taking up his position in a court and by the side of a queen, but a court and queen whose dull and unlovely state was a contrast indeed to the lively and captivating circle of Anne Boleyn.

In 1558 Matthew Parker was recalled to public life as Archbishop of Canterbury. His history from this time is embodied in the ecclesiastical history of the reign of Elizabeth; the position which he held, aided by those qualities with which he was so appropriately furnished — the clear intellectual perception, the moderation, humility, and firmness which were his natural gifts, the rectitude and godliness of his moral character — enabled him to perform an important work in and for the Church of England at the arduous and difficult moment described by himself in the prayer offered up on the day of his consecration: —

17 Decembr. ann. 1559.

Consecratus sum in Archiepiscopum Cantuarien. Eheu! Eheu! Domine Deus, in quæ tempora servasti me? Jam veni in profundum aquarum, et tempestas demersit me, O Domine, vim patior: responde pro me, et Spiritu tuo principali confirma me.

The words of this prayer, in his own writing, are to be found in a parchment roll in the library of Corpus Christi College, one of the records which, like his letters, impart a personal and biographical interest to the large amount of literary achievement he left behind him in the form of original works, translations, and editions of manuscripts. The special service he rendered to literature was that of preserving and publishing many of the manuscripts which, on the dissolution of the monasteries, had been scattered and lost sight of. It appears to have been his practice to employ numerous agents in the search for these treasures,* and, besides the assistants engaged in their recovery, to keep at his side men of learning and culture, to aid in the reproducing and editing of the chronicles thus collected, and to carry out other branches of his favorite pursuit. Among these scholars it may be mentioned in passing that Alexander Nevyl, one of the historians of Norwich, found a place, who, under the auspices of the archbishop, wrote and printed the two

* These MSS., and Matthew Parker's mode of editing them, are described and discussed by Sir Thomas Hardy in the "Catalogue of Materials relating to the History of Great Britain and Ireland." Preface, pp. xliii, xliiv.

books on "Ket's Rebellion" and the "History of Norwich," which afford contemporary illustration of many of the scenes they describe.* The library of Corpus Christi College contains the rich bequest † which Matthew Parker, unlike his successors at Lambeth, who furnished the archiepiscopal palace with its splendid collections, consigned to the shelter of the walls in which his younger days had been passed.

The church at Norwich in the vicinity of which Matthew Parker passed his childhood, and where his family lie buried, is that of St. Clement; it stands in a quiet nook withdrawn from the street, the blackness of the squared flint with which it is faced relieved by the masonry of the large perpendicular windows; around it is a broad flagged passage, and between this pavement and the church stands a raised tomb which records the names of the parents of the archbishop. The flagged passage is overshadowed by a row of houses, built with the same dark flint as the church, and finished with many small mullioned windows, which give a sleepy, old-world air to the spot. From hence the street branches off, and passing with many turnings, between the gabled houses, and within sight of four or five of the churches which ornament Norwich, issues out into the market-place, whose lively slope is embellished by the chequered front, arches, and figures of the Guildhall, and by the church of St. Peter Mancroft. Opposite the fine east window of this edifice, and on the other side of the square, there once stood a house, the front of which, with its rows of tall windows, faced the market-place, whilst the gable end looked into a narrow street, and was flanked by a court enclosed with palisades. In this mansion dwelt the celebrated physician Sir Thomas Browne, absorbed in the studies or the correspondence incident to the practice of medicine, or in the weaving of those quaint literary conceits which throw around him an atmosphere of assiduous occupation and lettered quiet, strangely at variance with the national and political excitement of the days in which he lived. His mind appears to have been so possessed by insatiable curiosity, an ardent pursuit of knowledge, wide and varied sympathies, and a poetic instinct, that he, and not his circumstances, suggested and decided his

pursuits; and his personality is detached from his times, except in so far as the dissertations upon natural and scientific lore which he has bequeathed are limited by the point to which such investigations had then been brought, or bear the mark of a reluctant belief in discoveries which are now universally accepted.

He wrote the "*Religio Medici*," a spiritual autobiography or meditation, or, as he calls it, "A Memorial unto Myself," which was the foundation of his fame, before he became a Norwich physician; the "Enquiry into Vulgar Errors," an investigation into the causes of popular error in theology, medicine, and history; the "Urn Burial," a treatise on different modes of burying; "The Garden of Cyrus," a disquisition on the number five; and the "Account of Norwich Cathedral," at later intervals of a life commencing in 1605 and continuing up to 1682, when he brought to a close the long residence in Norwich which, although he was not actually born in Norfolk, has identified him so completely with its capital. His birth took place in London, but he settled in Norwich in 1636, and remained for forty-five years one of its central and most familiar figures.

Little is known of his childhood. There is an interesting picture now at Devonshire House, which represents a family group said to be the father and mother of Sir Thomas Browne, his two sisters, a brother, and himself. The picture is delicately painted; the father stands on the left, the mother is seated on the right; between them are the three quaintly attired children, and, on his mother's knee, the future Sir Thomas Browne, a little figure in close red cap, red coat, and pinalore, clasping a black rabbit, the face giving promise of the intelligence and gentleness of disposition which were characteristic of him in after life. Wilkin, in his biographical sketch, mentions a manuscript by one of the daughters of the physician, which narrates that the father of Sir Thomas "used to open the breast of the child when he was asleep, and kiss it in prayers over him—as it is said of Origen's father—that the Holy Ghost would take possession of him." The father died early, and his son, after passing through Winchester and Oxford, educating himself at Montpellier and Padua, and taking his degree of doctor of medicine at Leyden, came after a time to Norwich, where, in spite of the aspiration expressed in the "*Religio Medici*" that men could increase and multiply in the manner of trees, he followed the ordinary

* "*Alexandri Nevilli Angli de furoribus Norfolciensium Ketto duce. Londini, 1575*;" "*Alexandri Nevilli Angli Norwicus. 1574*."

† Archbishop Parker bequeathed to Corpus Christi College upwards of four hundred manuscripts.

fashion, marrying a Norfolk lady, Dorothy Mileham, and becoming the father of several children, some of whom, the elder sons in particular, elicited from him many of the most charming of his letters during those early and prolonged foreign journeys which it was his system to enforce for their improvement. His biography has been so often written, the qualities of his mind and the character of his works so often anatomized and examined, that to speak of his skill as a physician, his learning as a naturalist, his faith as a Christian, his scepticism as an unweaver of fallacy, to dwell on the research, the poetry of his meditations, the surprising variety of the subjects into which he penetrated, would only be to repeat well-known facts. With the poetical air which he threw over everything he touched, he invested the idea of his own life. "My life (1635) has been a miracle of thirty years, which to relate were not a history, but a piece of poetry." There is nothing in the circumstances recorded to separate his career from the prosaic life of other men; the poetry came from within, and the glamor was spread by himself. Few men have had at once so fertile an imagination, and so strong a bent towards the investigation of facts; but the inexhaustible interest of that fairy world of animal and vegetable life, into which he searched with so much relish, gratified and stimulated both these endowments.

The mental and spiritual picture conveyed of himself in his works is completed by the contemporary allusions of his many friends; the detailed description of Dr. Whitefoot, rector of Heigham, the narration of John Evelyn, the letters of Sir William Dugdale, the observations of Sir Hamon le Strange, Sir Nicholas Bacon, and Sir Robert Paston, scientific men, and correspondents of Browne, all assist to supply the touches necessary to give his outward semblance and manner of life. The treasure of curiosities which he had gathered around him is described by Evelyn in his diary,* who paid a visit to Lord Henry Howard at Norwich, in order to see "that famous scholar and physician Dr. Thomas Browne."† They had previously had some correspondence on trees, gardens, and rare plants, and, the morning after Evelyn's arrival at the ducal palace, he visited the doctor at his own house, finding his "whole house and garden a paradise, and cabinet of rarities, medals, books, plants, and natural things." Among

these he specially mentions a collection of eggs of such birds as storks, cranes, and water-fowl, which had been gleaned from the broads and marshes of Norfolk. The library, the birds, the fishes, the natural curiosities, the garden of rare plants, provided a rich attraction for literary or scientific visitors. The refined and learned physician whose cheerful home in sight of the busy market-place, within sound of the clang of the chimes of St. Peter's, was thus choicely and curiously ornamented, did the honors of the town to his guest; and these two picturesque figures, Sir Thomas in the "cloke and boots" he always wore, and Evelyn with the dainty courtly costume that he affected, perambulated Norwich together, inspecting the cathedral, the stately churches, the "buildings of flint so exquisitely headed and squared," and the castle, and, to gratify the botanical tastes of both, the "flower-gardens, in which all the inhabitants excel." The labors of their profession occupied the father and son — the latter also a physician — much more than the occasional share which both took in the society of the place. Sir Thomas Browne practised largely in the town and county the profession which, with characteristic originality, he describes as of the highest antiquity, since its first transaction was performed in that distant morning of the world when the physician's art was exercised to induce the deep sleep of Adam, and surgery attained its first triumph in the extraction of his rib.*

Browne was knighted by Charles II. on the occasion of his visit to Norfolk in 1671, when, before proceeding with the Duke of Monmouth and others to Blickling, Oxnead, and Rainham, the king spent a night at Norwich, performing his devotions at the cathedral in the morning, kneeling on the bare stone; indemnifying himself for this hardship by a noble luncheon at the bishop's palace; reviewing the "trained bands" in the market-place, and then meeting the city magnates to confer the honor of knighthood, and to partake of a banquet whose brilliant company and costly display shone beneath the slender pillars and storied windows of St. Andrew's Hall.

Eleven years after this event, on his seventy-seventh birthday, Sir Thomas Browne ended a life which, although singularly rich in the elements of earthly en-

* Evelyn's Diary, vol. ii. (ed. 1827), p. 353, under date October 1671.

† Ibid. p. 196.

* "For though physick may plead high, from that medical act of God, in casting so deep a sleep upon our first parent, and chirurgery find its whole art in that one passage concerning the rib of Adam." — *Garden of Cyrus*.

joyment, he had yet rated at a lower value than "the undiscovered country, from whose bourn no traveller returns," in the fine observation: "There is but one comfort left, that though it be in the power of the weakest arm to take away life, it is not in the strongest to deprive us of death."

It is curious that the subject of the disposal and condition of the human body after death, upon which he had written so learned and eloquent a disquisition (in spite of its subject, one of the most attractive of his works, from the beauty of the reflections and the grandeur of the diction), should have been revived in connection with his own ashes. As late as 1840, the coffin, which was in a grave in front of the altar in St. Peter's Mancroft Church, was uncovered in making room for another, as in the case of Dr. Caius, and the remains brought to light. The inscription which was found upon the coffin—"Corporis spagyrici * pulvere plumbum in aurum convertit," which has been rendered "Sleeping in this coffin, by the dust of his alchemic body he transmuteth lead into gold," and which was probably placed on it by his son, seems an extension of his own sentence: "Man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave." The inscription was fortunately placed on the lid of the coffin only, and not on the monument; otherwise the body might not have remained so long undisturbed, for, to use Sir Thomas's own words, "He that lay in a golden urn was not like to find the quiet of his bones; the commerce of the living is not to be transferred unto the dead; it is not injustice to take that which none complains to lose, and no man is wronged where no man is possessor." The coffin was found to be converted, not into gold, but into carbonate of lead, and the skull, which was removed from it, was transferred to the collections in the hospital at Norwich.

There is something which eludes precise description in the individuality of Sir Thomas Browne; the biographies of him present not so much the force and power of a portrait, as a somewhat faint and vague outline of a personage difficult to recall and portray. To use the ancient definition of man quoted by himself—a being consisting of soul, body, and image or simulacrum of them both—the image only floats up into sight to repay the labor

of the diver into his history; his mental qualities, so unusual and subtle, their inconsistent variety, the combination of the practical and the imaginative, tend to baffle the attempt to represent adequately the gifted and memorable individual with whose shade we part reluctantly as his footsteps die away.

A much more definite and modern figure is that of the editor of some of the manuscripts which in the time of Sir Thomas Browne were the cherished possession of Sir Robert Paston, or that of the jolly dean whose amusing correspondence with Mr. Ellis (under-secretary of state from 1695 to 1705) has lately been printed by the Camden Society. Humphrey Prideaux, described by Evelyn as "a young man most learned in antiquities," became a prebendary of Norwich the year before the death of Sir Thomas Browne, and afterwards inhabited the venerable walls of the deanery. His character and attainments are reflected in the letters, vigorous, plain-spoken, and unsentimental, which give a graphic account of politics, local and public, in Norwich, seasoned with abundance of county gossip. His remarks on the warmth of the Jacobite partisans, or the proceedings of the corporation, alternate with narrations of trials scandalous or sensational, and with anecdotes of his eccentric predecessor in the deanery, or of the only two noblemen living in Norfolk at the beginning of the century, Lord Townshend and Lord Yarmouth.

The latter, the second Lord Yarmouth, was the last in direct line of that family whose reputation has extended far beyond Norfolk by means of the celebrated letters which have made the Pastons, as the type of the English mediæval family of gentle blood, and the mouthpiece of its sentiments, habits, and fashions, so interesting to the historian. Sir John Fenn, born at Norwich in 1739, claims a niche in the series of local worthies as the student whose industry and enterprise unearthed these records, and gave them to the world. Carefully preserved in the Paston family since the fifteenth century, the letters became dispersed early in the eighteenth, when such as were sold during the lifetime of the last Lord Yarmouth were bought by Le Neve, the well-known collector and antiquarian, and passed through the hands of two other persons before they fell into those of Sir John Fenn, who purchased them in 1775, and bequeathed them to his nephew, Mr. Serjeant Frere. Sir John Fenn is so identified with these old letters, being solely known to the world from his

* The word "spagyrici" is that on the coffin. A question was raised whether "stagyrici" had not been intended. This question was discussed at the time of the discovery of the coffin.

connection with them, that it is difficult to recognize him under any other aspect than that of the careful antiquary absorbed in the production of the tedious and conscientious transcripts, in antique and modern orthography, which he is said to have made of every letter; but he had also an acknowledged out-of-doors existence, and was known in Norfolk not only as an antiquarian, but as an ordinary country gentleman of mild career, living at Dereham, possessing an estate at Edgefield, acting as a magistrate, chosen as high sheriff for the county, and finally becoming a knight, when, emerging at last from his study, and shaking the cobwebs from his hands, he held them out to present to the public the quarto volumes which speedily excited so lively an interest. The publication of the more recent and complete edition of the Paston Letters has recently been noticed in this journal, and Mr. Gairdner's laborious researches have confirmed the reputation of their first editor.

Whilst these letters were being painfully deciphered, the dawn was breaking of an epoch in the history of Norwich when a group of persons, remarkable for varied and cultivated talent, were gathered within its walls. The school of painting founded by Crome flourished side by side, during a long stretch of years, with a school of literature, of which William Taylor, Amelia Opie, and (in the next generation) Harriet Martineau were the principal representatives; scientific research, which had earlier in the century found an assiduous follower in William Arderon, fellow of the Royal Society, included such names as those of Sir James Edward Smith, Hooker, and Lindley; and other individuals, less generally known, contributed by their attainments, especially in medical and antiquarian learning, to enrich the reputation of the place.

Most of these persons lived to open some vein of knowledge, or to divert some ray of light, for the improvement of their day. The literary workers, as the artists, dealt, for the most part, with their present, moral, intellectual, or visible; William Taylor unveiled for the English reading public the region of German contemporary literature; Mrs. Opie and Miss Martineau, each in her different mode and degree, took up some prevailing form of social shortcoming, political error, or moral evil, and, lighting the dark corners of these, pointed out their remedy; the naturalists, continuing the revelations of the past, worked "for the other distance and the land of promise," and yielded their

share of discovery to the advancement of scientific truth.

Botany, connected in many cases with the acquisition of medical knowledge, proved to be the department of natural science to which these students added valuable items, and to the pursuit of which they are admitted to have given a stimulus and popularity unknown before in England. The taste for floriculture, which had existed from an early period in Norwich, and which probably originated with the Dutch weavers, who, with their manufacture, also brought over the tradition of that cultivation of flowers for which the Low Countries have always been famous, flourished so happily that a "Florists' Feast" was occasionally held in "the city of orchards," and the interest felt in the subject produced, after a time, many individuals whose leisure hours were devoted to botanical research. Sir James Smith was its earliest noted representative, and while followed by the brilliant reputation of Lindley, Sir William Hooker, and the present director of the Royal Gardens at Kew, the latter by descent, if not by birth, associated with Norfolk, he was preceded by, or contemporary with, several inhabitants of Norwich, in various ranks of life, who pursued the favorite science with relish and industry. Mr. James Crowe, of Lakenham, and the Rev. Henry Bryant, Mr. Hugh Rose, and Mr. Pitchford, both surgeons, the latter practising chiefly among the Roman Catholics, formed, with Sir James Smith, a knot of botanists who were among the first in England to study the writings and adopt the system of Linnæus. The library and collections of the great Swedish naturalist had been purchased at his death for nine hundred guineas by Sir James Smith, and brought with some risk to England, the king of Sweden pursuing the treasure with a fast vessel; but the plants thus gleaned from the soil of Sweden or gathered to her shores left also her seas behind, and with their attendant literature arrived in safety in London, where they form a part of the possessions of the Linnæan Society, to which Sir James, the first president, bequeathed them.

But besides the more distinguished individuals who drew from the gardens and fields of Norfolk so much of their lore, there were others in humble circumstances who alternated the necessary drudgery of their lives with rambles in search of wild plants and enquiry into their nature. The earliest were Wilson, a tailor, who added to his Norwich investigations frequent

journeys to the nursery gardens of Chelsea and Fulham; Christopher Smart, also a tailor, William Humphrey, and Joseph Fox, a weaver. These men were in the habit of sallying forth, after their dull toil at the loom or in the workroom, for a night's walk among the fertile meadows or wilder nooks within their reach. By the light of the moon, or by the gleams of the lanterns they carried on darker evenings, they pursued their researches, and were the means of bringing into notice some of the growths which have been described in explanation of the plates of Sowerby, or detailed in the "Transactions of the Linnæan Society," in whose pages their names have been honorably mentioned.

Sir James Smith, who was born in 1759 in Norwich, developed early that extra sense which changes the "dull wilderness of the uninitiated into an inexhaustible source of amusement and instruction." He shared in the enthusiasm of the Indian servant who had accompanied one of his uncles, Mr. Kindersley, from the East, and who, while shivering and cowering during a bleak journey across Newmarket Heath, was roused by the sight of the scarlet poppy and viper's bugloss which abounded there to exclaim, "Yonder are flowers worthy to adorn the gardens of the gods, and *here they grow wild.*" The story which Sir James Smith tells of his longing as a young child for the delicate blue flowers of the wild succory, and his infantine attempt to possess himself of them, is an incident as characteristic of his future pursuits as the caress with which Sir Thomas Browne, seated on his mother's knee, quiets the black rabbit which absorbed his childish curiosity.

Sir James Smith, whose youth was passed at Edinburgh or in travelling on the Continent, settled afterwards for some years in London, and at one time was summoned by Queen Charlotte to give lessons in botany to herself and the young princesses; but his warm admiration for Rousseau, although it appears to have been a very innocent and generous homage, chiefly paid to those accomplishments which touched his own tastes, scandalized her Majesty too irrecoverably, and he was dismissed from this occupation. A far more congenial vocation was that of becoming president of the Linnæan Society and giving lectures at the Royal Institution in Albemarle Street; these last he continued for many years, although he returned to live at Norwich, and took up his abode there for many years until his death in 1828.

His memory has been palpably kept up for the dwellers in and about Lowestoft as late as the beginning of 1877. Until that time the well-known carriage of Lady Smith, his widow, who survived him nearly fifty years, was daily seen parading the road along the cliff which looks over the broken and wooded slope on to the broad shore beyond. Thus she lived on, taking a very lively part in the local life around her, and awake to all the affairs of the present day — writing verses, quoting poetry, correcting the misquotations of her juniors, interested in the current literature, hungry for the latest politics, watching the steps of modern science — although her recollections, undimmed by years, took her back to the American war and the taking of the Bastille.* Her long life of one hundred and four years thus linked with the immediate present the last quarter of the eighteenth century, the period described at Norwich when the mental activity which then distinguished the city produced such definite results. The same element showed its effect, both at that period and in the early part of the present century, in the character of the local society, which, however it may have been narrowed by provincialism or marred by occasional affectations, was conspicuously above the average of country towns. The William Taylors, father and son, assembled habitually at their house such guests as the Martineaus, Dr. Sayers, Mr. Amyot, Dr. Rigby, Amelia Opie, Dr. Reeve, the Stevensons, and Dr. Enfield. The Aikins, Mrs. Barbauld, and Robert Southey were frequent visitors at Norwich, and assisted to give a tone of distinction to its social gatherings, and Sir James Mackintosh brought for many years the fresh tint of his lively conversation to vary the local color.

William Taylor was educated by Mrs. Barbauld in the Dissenting school at Palgrave, in Suffolk, where she petted and civilized the boys while her husband whipped them. He preserved all his life a veneration for her name, and a remem-

* The last time we had the pleasure of seeing this venerable lady, which was soon after she had completed her hundredth year, the conversation turned on the American war, which she said was a frequent subject of discussion in her childhood; and then, quoting from memory, she repeated the following lines, which must have been written about 1787, when Lord North began to lose his eyesight: —

"See the justice of Heaven, America cries:
George loses his senses, North loses his eyes.
When first they provoked me, all Europe could find
That the monarch was mad, and the minister blind."
We are not aware that this epigram has been preserved elsewhere.

brance of the consummate art with which she changed the dry details and dull labor of the hours of study into attractive topics and pleasant tasks; but the event of his life which colored all his subsequent studies was his residence in Germany from 1779 to 1782, where his father, a Norwich manufacturer, with wise perception, had sent him to advance his education. Although only seventeen on his return, he had cultivated with success not only the language but the literature of Germany, which he afterwards appropriated and translated with a skilled facility uncommon at that time, and in which "Walter Scott, Advocate," was perhaps his only equal. William Taylor's translation of Bürger's "Lenore" preceded by six months that of Sir Walter Scott, who acknowledges, in his correspondence, his adoption of the two lines —

Tramp, tramp, along the land they rode,
Splash, splash, along the sea —

and confesses that his perusal of Taylor's spirited rendering of the poem was one of the sparks which helped to light in him the poetic flame whose brilliance glowed subsequently over so many of the historic scenes and legends of Scotland. "Do you know," said Mrs. Barbauld in one of her letters to William Taylor, "that you made Walter Scott a poet? So he told me the other day. It was, he says, your ballad of 'Lenore' that inspired him."

Besides Sir Walter Scott, there were other well-known names who knew and appreciated William Taylor's endeavor to spread the products of German genius before the readers of England; among these was Goethe, to whom, however, Taylor, on his side, does not appear to have given his due position among the writers of Germany. He places him among, but not at the head of, the poets whose works he transplanted to English ground by his versions and comments in the long series of articles which he contributed to the *Monthly Magazine* and other periodicals, and whose lives he detailed in the "Historic Survey of German Poetry," three volumes of criticism, reprinted translations, and biographies, which he published in 1828, 1829 and 1830, after the first novelty of such enterprise had passed away, and when the field of research first occupied by him had been traversed by many subsequent explorers. In the "Historic Survey" was included the translation of the "*Iphigenia in Tauris*," which Taylor had printed many years previously as a single work; a copy of this he had sent to Goethe

in 1795, and had received no acknowledgment; but a letter from Mr. Carlyle, which exists among the unprinted papers of the late Mr. Macvey Napier, furnishes a proof that Goethe attached some importance to Taylor's poem.

Whether or no Goethe ever received the copy in 1795, he was certainly anxious to possess one later; and the commands of the sage of Weimar, no less than the existence of the graphic and amusing letter which tells the story, quite justify the unceremonious purchase alluded to by Mr. Carlyle. The letter is addressed to Mr. Macvey Napier, some time after the occurrence which it mentions, and is dated May 28, 1832, two months after the death of Goethe.

Here, too, let me request another favor of you about books: to retain from the first money you have to pay me as much as will replace your copy of Taylor's "Historic Survey," which I never returned, and ought long ago to have given account of, and made apology and all possible amends for. The case was this: I was called, somewhat on the sudden, to send off a book packet to Weimar, wherein the English translation of "Iphigenia" was to form an item. No Taylor's "Iphigenia" could be had in the London shops, nor elsewhere within my capabilities on so short notice; whereupon, yielding to lawless necessity, I tied a silk thread round that portion of your book which contained the piece in requisition, and despatched the whole three volumes to my venerated correspondent, by whom doubtless they were welcomed as quite honestly come by.

Southey was another acquaintance — who became the familiar friend — of William Taylor. Visiting Norfolk originally on business in 1797, he afterwards came from time to time to Norwich to cultivate the society of Taylor, his "very good friend, but not very good correspondent." The letters which passed between them are chiefly on the literary subjects which were occupying both. William Taylor's rarer letters, written in the strong, rugged, expressive language peculiar to himself, embrace the almost endless and very opposite topics which passed before him in his capacity of reviewer, and are full of lively discussion on the poetical talent which was, during those years, shedding its rich fruit in England and Germany. Southey, in his polished and agreeable replies, takes up the parable, and supplies contemporary anecdotes of Scott, Coleridge, and Wordsworth; he relates also interesting particulars of the manner of production of his own works, in the course of the elaboration of which he submits

many questions to the advice and criticism of his correspondent. These subjects were pursued, in the letters, to the exclusion of politics and theology. In these matters the creeds of William Taylor and Southey were too antagonistic to bear comparison; Taylor's radicalism and strange articles of faith were alien to the mind of Southey, who invited him, if such subjects must be discussed between them, to come to Keswick and argue them out on the top of Skiddaw, where they would be nearer heaven. William Taylor, whose principles and conduct, especially shown in his fidelity towards his parents, had won him the esteem of his friends, as his attractive conversation and copious knowledge had secured their admiration, gradually drifted away from the Unitarianism in which he had been brought up, and the sceptical and speculative turn of mind natural to him became disproportionately known from his great colloquial facility, and from the habit which grew on him in later life of indulging the love of startling and shocking his hearers. This, with a tendency to place an undue dependence on the consolations of the table, dimmed slightly, towards its close, the brightness of a life which had begun with unusual promise, and in which he had developed with unflagging energy, industry, and originality, the gifts at his command. Southey's attachment and respect remained warm and unbroken from the time of their first acquaintance until William Taylor's death in 1836; but Taylor's closest friend and most frequent associate was Dr. Sayers, a writer of highly cultivated mind and a genuine scholar, who lived in Norwich from 1789 to 1817, whither he had migrated from Yarmouth, and where he became an important member of the society of the place, admired and sought for his rare mental, personal, and social gifts. Besides the metaphysical and antiquarian dissertations which came from his pen, Dr. Sayers published a volume of "Dramatic Sketches," poems based principally on the Scandinavian legends which have since been so largely celebrated in German and English verse, but which had then been sparingly introduced into English poetry. The observation of Sir Walter Scott, that Sayers "united the patience of the antiquarian with the genius of the poet," is justified by this publication; and there are lines in "The Descent of Freya," a continuation of Ewald's Danish tragedy of "The Death of Balder," which recall the manner of Gray in his "Odes;" but the poems appear brief and wanting in richness of

detail by the side of the grand and arresting narratives to which the modern interpreter of the northern sagas has accustomed us. Dr. Sayers lived in an ancient house, now somewhat altered, which stood in the Lower Close. The three pointed gables of its picturesque front looked on to the fine old trees, and stood near the cathedral, to the Chapter House library of which he bequeathed a small but choice collection of books. In one of the visits which Opie was persuaded to pay to Norwich he painted a portrait of Dr. Sayers, which with another of Southey, hung in William Taylor's library. Opie was a welcome guest in the Norwich set, where sufficient knowledge of art existed to render his genius appreciated, and into which he had been happily introduced by his marriage with one of its favorite members.

Amelia Opie, born in 1769, was the only child of Dr. Edward Alderson, a representative of the Lowestoft family of that name, who, with a brother, the father of the late Baron Alderson, had settled in Norwich. Her education was a fortunate one, well calculated to develop her natural gifts. Living alone with her father, in his house in Calvert Street, she shared with him, for the last thirty years of the past century, the interest and movement of Norwich life, varying her experience by frequent visits to London. Her descriptions of these excursions were often written to her friend Mrs. John Taylor, a Norwich lady of a wise and noble spirit, who was well known to a large circle of her contemporaries, for her energetic character and her liberal opinions. Parr, Mackintosh, Windham, and Basil Montagu highly appreciated her society.

The husband of this lady, Mr. John Taylor, was not related to the William Taylors we have just mentioned, but he was the grandson of Dr. John Taylor, a Nonconformist divine of considerable eminence, the author of the first Hebrew concordance and of many theological works, which, in spite of their heterodoxy, were highly esteemed by Dr. Parr and by the more liberal clergy of the Church of England, such as Archbishop Newcome, Bishop Watson, Paley, and Bishop Bathurst. Dr. Parr, who wrote his epitaph, described him as "a defender of simple and uncorrupted religion." * Dr. Taylor was elected to the charge of the Presbyterian congregation in Norwich in 1733. The Octagon Chapel, an edifice well known in the history of the

* Field's Life of Parr, pp. 136, 137.

Nonconformists, was built for him in 1754, and opened by him in 1756. He continued to reside in Norwich till 1761, and most of his works were composed there. His descendants were, and still are, a numerous and not undistinguished race. Several of these Norwich Taylors have left a name in science and literature; the late Mrs. Austin and her daughter Lady Duff Gordon, and the families of Rigby and of Martineau, were all of the same stock; and many more families which have shed lustre on their birthplace—the Aldersons, the Smiths, the William Taylors, commemorated in these pages—sprang from that Dissenting congregation at Norwich which Robert Southey once described as the "Unitarian Papacy." All these excellent persons were strenuous adherents of the political principles of Mr. Fox. For a long series of years they succeeded in returning staunch Whig members to Parliament as the representatives of the city, such as the late Mr. William Smith; and the dawn of the French Revolution, in 1789, which seemed to promise an era of liberty and prosperity to mankind, was nowhere hailed with more enthusiasm than by this provincial society.

Another of Mrs. Opie's early friends, and also her instructor, was Dr. Buckner, the learned pastor of the French congregation in Norwich. A linguist, an author, and a remarkable preacher, he lived for fifty years serving the French and Dutch "churches," and giving lessons in various languages. His striking face was the subject of one of Opie's most forcible portraits. With the solid Flemish features, it bears the intense expression of suppressed excitement which foretold his melancholy death; but if his countenance was as fine as it is represented in the picture, Mrs. Opie did right to disregard his remonstrance when the portrait was proposed:

Pourquoi me demander, aimable Amélie,

De ce front tout ridé le lugubre portrait?

Pour être contemplé jamais il ne fut fait:
Assez il a déplu—permettez qu'on l'oublie!

Another of her masters was a man named "Christian," who initiated the Norwich youth into the mysteries of gavotte, minuet, and contredanse. Years after she had shown off his steps in the London gaieties with which her life was diversified, and after her marriage had removed her from Norwich, she, one winter's day, whilst on a visit to her old home, took her husband and a friend to the choir of St. Andrew's Hall, used as the Dutch church. There, while Opie was explaining to his

friend its architectural beauties, Amelia, to warm herself, characteristically began to dance a *pas seul* on the floor of the chancel, but was stopped in the exuberance of her *entrechats* by the fact, which she suddenly recognized, that the name of "Christian" was engraved on the stone upon which she had been pirouetting, and that the at last motionless limbs of her early dancing master were reposing after their labors beneath her twinkling feet.

After her marriage with the Cornish painter, Mrs. Opie lived much in London, and his reputation, united to her own remarkable talents, opened to her the door to much that was distinguished in the literary, social, and political worlds; her publications added to her popularity, and she maintained through many after-years her intercourse with these circles. Her writing was much encouraged by Opie, whilst she, in her turn, who for nine years lived by his side, stimulated with genuine appreciation his practice of the art which he pursued with the perseverance and ardor of passion. The broad lines of his character, which bore a sort of resemblance to the general style of his painting—simple, careless, powerful, rugged, impressive, grand—were a happy contrast to her own bright feminine qualities. But this aspect of her life soon passed away, and after the death of Opie, in April 1807, she returned to Norwich, to live once more with her father, and at a later period, in 1825, became, to the surprise of those who knew her, a member of the Society of Friends, although naturally so adverse to theological controversy that it must remain doubtful whether the Unitarianism which then pervaded Norwich dissatisfied her, or whether the broad lawns and spacious, sunshiny front of a certain Quaker country-house in the neighborhood did not offer some slight inducement to the adoption of the garments of neutral tint which were the "open sesame" to its portals. However this may be, the career which had begun with a gaily-spent youth and a short period of married life devoted to literature, art, and the charms of the best society in London and Paris, vanished in a quiet corner of the Quakers' burial-ground at the Gildencroft, Norwich. Amelia Opie at the end of the last century or the beginning of this, and Amelia Opie in the garb and with the speech of a member of the Society of Friends, sounds like two separate personages; but no one who recollects the gay little songs which, at seventy, she used to sing with lively gesture, the fragments of a drama to which,

with the zest of an innate actress, she occasionally slyly treated her young friends, or the elaborate faultlessness of her appearance — the shining folds and long train of her pale satin draperies, the high, transparent cap, the crisp fichu crossed over the breast, which set off to advantage the charming little plump figure with its rounded lines — could fail to recognize the same characteristics which sparkled about the wearer of the pink calico domino in which she frolicked incognito "till she was tired," at a ball given by the Duke of Wellington in 1814, or of the eight blue feathers which crowned the waving tresses of her flaxen hair as a bride. She was herself to the last; bright, vivacious, and intellectual, foremost in conversation, in her element in society, enjoying it with relish, and enlivening it by her presence, by the mirth and comedy of her small, roguish features, and the impulsive, animated manner which conveyed every sentiment almost as accurately as her words. She delighted in the composition of short poems, which she addressed to her friends; and these, with her private letters, are the minor relics which add light to the attainments shown more broadly by her publications.

To portray domestic life, and, in portraying it, to indicate its dangers and temptations, seems to have been the object of such works as "Father and Daughter," "Temper," "Illustrations of Lying," "Simple Tales," and "Detraction Displayed." The mutual influence and relations of ordinary civilized people were her study; human acquaintanceship, in much variety, her delight; society her sole field of investigation, observation, and action; in this she lived and had her being, this she analyzed and pondered; on this she wrote, throwing her ideas and reflections into the novels which, although in comparison with the delicate, permanent, lifelike pictures of Maria Edgeworth or Jane Austen, the searching dissections and vivid delineations of the darker shadows and fiercer lights of the human heart presented to us by such female novelists as Charlotte Brontë or George Eliot, they seem light in structure and deficient in depth and force, yet were popular in their day, reflected faithfully the characteristics of their writer, and with their mixture of earnestness and cheerfulness —

Perhaps it may turn out a song,
Perhaps turn out a sermon —

conveyed instruction and amusement to a large circle of readers, and have given
LIVING AGE. VOL. XXVII. 1382

Mrs. Opie undoubted possession of a place among English writers of fiction. Her stories are so pleasantly and skillfully written that they do not so much inculcate morality as kindle a sympathy with it. Sober thought and right feeling insensibly color the mind of the reader, a sort of involuntary preference arises for virtue and truth.

Southey remarks in his "Colloquies" that Amelia Opie was as much esteemed for her worth as admired for her talents. These talents, and the interest she took in the world around her during the many years of old age she passed in Norwich, recommended her to her acquaintances; they could not ignore the attractive little being whose conversation, carried on in her pretty drawing-rooms in "Lady's Lane" or the "Castle Meadow," was still so brilliant; whose kind activity in furthering the welfare of the inhabitants of the town was so well known; whose appearance in court during the assize trials was so regularly looked for, where her love for the scenic and dramatic was gratified by the exhibition of those epitomes of human life, and where she also triumphed occasionally in the presence of her distinguished cousin, Baron Alderson, on the judicial bench.* Nor could they forget the tenderness and strength of nature she had shown in her beautiful devotion to her father during his declining years, when she dedicated herself to his happiness, and solaced, by her affectionate attention, his last long painful period of sickness and decay. Even Harriet Martineau, grudging though she is of praise, and savagely perceptive of the weak points of her contemporaries, cannot but acknowledge that this popular lady was "worthy of better things than the pedantry of her early associates;" and relates that Mrs. Opie was such a mistress of dramatic art, that her reading only of her own manuscript tales was wont to excite in her hearers the most overwhelming emotion.

As Mrs. Opie recedes, the tall figure and dark expressive face of the rising authoress we have just named look over her shoulder and come into prominence. Thirty years younger, her personal aspect

* On one of these occasions, whilst waiting for a trial to finish, Baron Alderson insisted upon conveying her home in the high sheriff's carriage. In spite of her remonstrance, he drew her forward, saying "Come, brother Opie!" and handed her into the carriage, "ashamed, but pleased," to the amusement of the astonished chaplain, who, instead of the expected enormous wig and ponderous scarlet, and ermine, found himself seated opposite the tiny form, drab shawl, and quaintly-shaped bonnet of Amelia Opie.

was no greater contrast to the prettiness, airiness, and vivacity of Amelia Opie, than the stern earnestness of her work as a writer, with that work adopted and described by the other as her "favorite amusement." No one can have looked on the face of Harriet Martineau without perceiving that amusement was the very last object she would ever have proposed to herself, although her faculty of enjoyment was framed on the same large scale as the other mental and moral powers which would seem to have been intended to lodge in the brain and beneath the pulse of a man rather than of a woman. Her appearance was characteristic — the keen grey eyes, with an expression more penetrating than emotional; the decided, firmly-closed lips, the lower one slightly projecting; the thin, bony face and mass of black hair; the very broad and somewhat low forehead. These traits improved in attractiveness in later years, when, the face becoming fuller, the features looked smaller and less marked, and there arose a suspicion of softness and gentleness about the mouth which so many years of unselfish labor could not fail to throw over it.

In her lifetime her personality was less widely and accurately known than now. It was known to a certain extent to those who could, at any rate, by the wealth of language, the abundant faculty of invention, the mastery of abstruse subjects which they displayed, form an estimate of her surpassing intellectual powers. It was known still better by the friends and acquaintances, who, if occasionally damped by her unrestrained candor, her love of domination, and absolute confidence in her own judgment, yet felt these qualities amply balanced by her warmheartedness, and by the admirable self-abnegation of her character and practice. But now that she has passed away, the very innermost details of her life, thought, and action, her mental processes, and literary career, have become familiar from her minutely written autobiography. These fill in with absorbing interest the framework of her life, which was spent for the first thirty years at Norwich, where the Martineaus had settled since their arrival in England in 1688, and where she was born in 1802; then in London until 1845, and afterwards at Ambleside. These periods are divided into epochs, less by her outward circumstances than by the fame and character of her successive works. Notwithstanding that her biography is thus marked out by the works that she published, she curiously undervalued the influence of books, plac-

ing it beneath that of the news of the day, home affections, and domestic duties, just as Mrs. Barbauld, who was one of the few female classical scholars of her day, depreciated her own achievements, and estimated such learning as far below practical domestic attainments. There was something akin in these two natures, although their outward manifestation was so different, something which deepened the warm admiration felt by Harriet Martineau, as a girl, for the graceful old lady who occasionally visited Norwich, and whose delicate beauty, gentle liveliness, and conversation "stamped with superiority," charmed and impressed her.

During this first stage of her life, Miss Martineau pursued her own independent course, living quietly with her family, and before she left Norwich she had already begun her literary career, and had disposed of the one morsel of romance with which her history is flavored. This remarkable woman, although, as a child, so unusually susceptible both in soul and sense — heart, nerves, touch, all strung up to the highest pitch of sensitiveness, so that no one can read the account of her early years without a pang of misgiving as to her after chances of happiness — became, later in life, so self-contained and self-sufficing, so purely intellectual, so serenely philosophic, that when her lover went mad on the eve of their marriage, she dismissed forever the whole subject of love, leaving aside, as an undiscovered country, that universal empire of passion which, understood but unexpressed, has been decreed to act with silent force upon the springs of human feeling, but which she, like Hypatia of old, not only eluded for herself, but recognized so slightly in her works. This and her other two main characteristics — her devotion to the welfare of mankind, and the moral beauty of her standard of life and conduct — contributed to procure for her the happiness and content which she enjoyed, in spite of the abstract opinions which she embraced and professed. Her moral principle, always high and unbroken, existed, after middle age, entirely independently of any theological considerations, or of any anticipation of reward or punishment beyond the grave. She was at any rate no "pessimist." Her faith in the progressive happiness and welfare of mankind seems to have stood her in lieu of every other hope in futurity, and the practice of an active and enlightened benevolence to have been the chief object of her existence. Yet by a strange contradiction, although by no means insensible

to the warmth of domestic affections or to friendship, she passed her latter years in buoyant cheerfulness, when she had mentally consigned herself and her dearest and closest ties on earth to an everlasting separation.

The eternal sleep which was all she anticipated has in it a thrill of dreariness when compared with the gleam of hope which lights up the thought expressed with charming simplicity by Mrs. Barbauld:—

Life! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;
But when, or how, or where we met,
I own to me 's a secret yet.
Life! we have been long together,
'Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part where friends are dear;
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not good night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me good morning!

Let us trust that Harriet Martineau is not so completely extinguished as she desired to be, but that in some region undreamt of in her philosophy she has been saluted and revived by an unexpected "good morning."

Besides the traces furnished by the mental experience or the literary achievement of the notabilities of Norwich, another story has to be told, that of the outward aspect of the land from whence they sprang; and this has been conveyed to us by a very original and remarkable school of painters. The Norwich painters have not been figure-drawers; they have not taken human nature for their subject; they have put aside its incidents, its situations, its complications, and they have devoted themselves to the genuine, loving, honest delineation of the characteristics of their own country-side. Of all these painters, the scenery of Norfolk owes most to John Crome, who, while introducing the observer of his pictures to the places and peculiarities most worthy of admiration in the county, threw an interest over the commonest scenes which he rendered, touching into beauty the most ordinary cottage, pool, field, or farmyard. There is something bracing and refreshing in the very recollection of the robustness and simplicity of this painter, who, abjuring the past, the unseen, and the imaginative, put down with boldness and fidelity, and overspread with the sunshine of his genius, the facts he saw before him. John Crome, born in the humblest circumstances, the son of a journeyman weaver, received an education so scanty, so brief, so early terminated by

his entrance into domestic service at twelve years old, that his rise in life, his subsequent culture, the standing he attained, are proofs not only of the remarkable strength of his talent, but of his general activity of mind, enterprise, and determination. He completely triumphed over his circumstances, which were as opposite as can be imagined from the hotbed provided by the schools of drawing in every town, the endless exhibitions, the easy access to foreign galleries, for the dawning artist of the present day. Crome was shut up in Norwich, lost in the remoteness of the eastern counties, unassisted by railroads, too poor to procure books or prints, uneducated, and without artistic training, yet he contrived to mount the ladder; taking his first step as a house and sign painter in Norwich, where he shared a lodging with another future artist, Robert Ladbroke, and the two boys spent their limited leisure hours in painting hard in their dingy room, or hurrying out to win subjects from the adjacent country. The next round of the ladder was gained by setting up as a drawing master, but making by that vocation, even in subsequent years, such small sums only as are shown by the following extract from an old family ledger kept by one of his principal employers. "December, 1796: John Crome, drawing master, 6*l.* 8*s.* 8*d.* 1797: John Crome, half a year to midsummer, 6*l.* 18*s.*" This instruction could scarcely have amounted to more than five shillings a lesson—a payment in proportion to the five pounds which he was wont to ask for some of the pictures whose easy, masterly, solid execution, sweet color, and fidelity to nature, have now increased their value fifty-fold.

He mounted another step by the friendship of Mr. Harvey of Catton, and of Sir William Beechey, the portrait-painter, who occasionally visited Norwich. The latter warmly welcomed and assisted Crome during his visits to London, when the country lad would present his shrewd clever face, with its singular profile, and heavy hair and eyebrows, at the studio of his friend, who imparted to him valuable ideas and remarks upon art which his defective education scarcely furnished him with the means of acquiring. Mr. Harvey offered to Crome the single opportunity which the painter enjoyed in early life of familiarizing himself with the productions of the first masters. He possessed some good Flemish and Dutch pictures, which were then, and afterwards, carefully studied by Crome, who admired them with reverence and enthusiasm. Crome ap-

pears to have owed nothing throughout his career to the French and Italian schools, except through the lectures of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Opie, but to have based his style exclusively upon the Dutch manner; as he confined his range, with few exceptions, to the scenes of his own country. This narrow range, and definite unchanging style, give intensity and character to every line of his pencil and every sweep of his loaded brush.

His next step in life was the establishment, in 1803, of the Society of Norwich Artists, in whose annual exhibitions most, although not all, of his paintings were shown. He contributed to the first exhibition twenty-four pictures, and altogether, from the year 1805 until his death sixteen years after, two hundred and sixty-six pictures, sketches, and drawings. The management and furtherance of this object no doubt kept Crome much at Norwich, and is one cause of the preponderance of Norfolk subjects in the pictures he has left behind him. The fine picture of Mousehold Heath, now in the National Gallery, was exhibited by him first in Norwich in 1816. Two years before, he visited France, and brought home the subject from Boulogne, with its sweep of beach sprinkled with the figures of the fisher people, and the fleet of boats, showing their red sails on the fresh, sparkling sea, whose line appears beyond the brown sand; and, in addition, the study for the picture of the Boulevard des Italiens, where the houses on either side of the avenue, the grotesque carriages, the picture-dealer's stall, the lady with the large bonnet and the two poodles, the passers-by grouped about among the tables and stalls, give so vivid a record of the aspect of Paris in the first days of the Peace, and bear witness to the extraordinary attention and acuteness with which Crome must have mastered the details of the scene before him. But his visits to the Continent were rare, and in any case it is known that his oil paintings were all executed in Norwich, his method being to furnish himself, whilst travelling or exploring, only with the drawings and sketches which were afterwards transformed into pictures at home. Crome died in 1821, at the age of fifty-two; he brought up his children to practise his art, and the name of John Berney Crome, as well as those of another son and a daughter, occur frequently in the catalogue of the Norwich exhibitions. His love for the Dutch pictures which he had studied in the early days when the anticipation of a successful career was beginning to dawn

upon him, haunted his death-bed, and, the recollection of his favorite painter kindling for a moment his latest breath, he expired, exclaiming, "O Hobbema! Hobbema! how I have loved thee!"

The exhibitions which Crome established differed from those which are now so frequently held in provincial towns, in that they included only the works of local artists; a system then adopted, as far as England was concerned, for the first time; suggested, perhaps, by the local exhibitions of Dutch art common in the principal towns of Holland. The Norwich Society was called "The Lovers of the Arts; a society instituted for the purpose of an Enquiry into the Rise, Progress, and Present State of Painting, Architecture, and Sculpture." The articles provided that each member should furnish a design annually, to be placed in the Academy's room; also that the members should meet once a fortnight to discuss subjects connected with the study of the fine arts. Crome was president about the fourth year, and occasionally afterwards; Cotman, Ladbroke, and others subsequently filled the post. The exhibitions continued for twenty-eight years, from 1805 to 1833, uninterrupted by a difference which took place in 1816, when a few members seceded and formed a rival society, which lasted for three years only. The catalogues (a perfect set of which exists in Norwich, collected after many years' search) announce that the exhibition is "now open in the great room in Sir Benjamin Wrenche's court;" these catalogues are in quarto form, large print, interspersed with woodcuts by way of *cul-de-lampe*, and each one with a Latin or English quotation on the title-page. They show that besides the two hundred and sixty-six pictures provided by Crome, three hundred and forty were contributed by Cotman, one hundred by Vincent,* a painter of great power, thirty-one by Joseph Stannard, and eighty-six by James Stark, both artists of repute, the latter the executer of the beautiful drawings in the "Scenery of the Rivers of Norfolk," and the last survivor of the Norwich school.

John Sell Cotman, born in 1782, was the son of a Norwich silk-mercator; he had the advantage of a good local education, and the enjoyment in childhood of one of those

* Of all the Norwich artists, Vincent was the least known to the London public; but the picture of the Thames at Greenwich, exhibited at Burlington House in 1878, and the picture of Gorleston, in the Exhibition of the present year, are works of the highest quality, which would do honor to any school.

gentle scenes of sloping garden, tree, and river which make the villas of Thorpe, a hamlet adjoining Norwich, so complete a contrast to its busy streets. He went to London early, to prepare for the vocation he had chosen, and spent some years in the study of art, returning to Norwich in 1807, when he joined the "Lovers of the Arts," and painted diligently for their exhibitions. He soon after settled in Yarmouth as a drawing master, where his great ability attracted the attention of the late Mr. Dawson Turner, who, as eminent for his encouragement of art as for his taste and success in the collection of choice antiquarian and historical literature, became to him an invaluable friend. Cotman lived at a small house on the Gorleston Road, near Yarmouth, facing the sea. In this abode he worked out the English and French architectural subjects published in his engraved illustrations, the production of which was varied by the painting of numerous oil pictures, and still more frequently by that of the many examples in water color for which he has acquired a special reputation. His principal work, "The Architecture of Normandy," was suggested by Mr. Dawson Turner, who had been struck with the fine materials which abound in that province for pictorial illustration; and, knowing the fitness of Cotman's talent for such a task, he induced him to visit Normandy, for the purpose of making a series of drawings, and offered to write a descriptive letter-press to elucidate them.

Cotman had much endeared himself to his friends and pupils by his pleasant disposition and genial temper; he accompanied the family party of the Turners to Normandy, and spent some weeks in wandering within the shadows of the rich and picturesque architecture with which its towns and villages are so profusely decorated. He came home with an abundant record of these, and amply prepared to introduce his acquisition to the English public. A number of small sketch-books contained the drawings in pencil which he had made from these charming subjects; these drawings were copied by him at home in sepia or Vandyck brown, the outline and details in pen-work, the light and shadow in washes, enlarged to the size requisite for the projected volume. From these finished drawings he himself etched the copper plate, sitting at work at an upper window of his house near the sea, a large screen of silk-paper in a frame of wood tilted before the great sheet of copper to shade his eyes; afterwards printing

the subjects off himself at a copperplate printing-press in Yarmouth, thus originating every part of the process from the first sketch or design up to the final issue of the finished etching. These designs have the peculiar merit which characterizes his varied productions—the grand and simple light and shade, the breadth and dignity of style, the noble and picturesque treatment of his subject, the power, richness, and tastefulness of his use of the pen, either alone or in combination with color. His plates are chiefly executed in the method of etching called the "broad point," and in the command of this branch of art he has never been surpassed. As a colorist he was sometimes harsh and overvehement—certainly far too bold for the taste and judgment of his own times—but as a draughtsman he is incomparable. After the work on Normandy was finished Cotman left Yarmouth and moved to Norwich, and later, in 1834, finally settled in London, where he obtained the post of professor of drawing at King's College, due, it is said, to his great contemporary, J. M. W. Turner, who appreciated his artistic gifts. He lived eight years longer, but the close of his life was clouded by depression. Dissatisfaction that his work was not valued as he felt it deserved, vexation that oil painting, his favorite branch of art, was impossible to him to the extent he desired to practise it, in consequence of the enforced incessant teaching necessary to provide for his family, preyed upon his mind, and he died disheartened, not foreseeing that his talent would be recognized later, and himself estimated as one of the best ornaments of that artistic period at Norwich which, from the birth of Crome until the death of Stark, lasted for nearly a century. To supply even short biographical notices of such men as Crome and Cotman, who seem to exist only in their works, is a thankless undertaking. The wide extent of actual surface touched by their pencil into life is their most legitimate biography, graven forever by themselves. Yet the life of the artist is perpetuated, as long as his works endure, even more vividly than that of the man of letters, the statesman, or the soldier. We have his handicraft before our eyes—the thing he touched, the scene he created, the colors he has endued with significance and beauty. Neglected in their lives, forgotten at their deaths, these Norwich painters have been restored to a fresh existence by the discerning admiration of a later period, and, if it be any consolation to the departed to live in posthumous fame,

this at least will be vouchsafed to them, probably far more than to their literary townsmen and contemporaries.

THE FEAST OF THE SUPREME BEING,
1794.

TRANSLATED BY E. W. LATIMER.

THE following account of *La Fête de l'Être Supreme* is by Adolphe Adam, the well-known French musician. He tells the tale as it was told to him by Sarrette, the musical director of the period.

THE various misfortunes endured by France in 1793 were surpassed by her experiences in the early months of 1794. The massacres of Lyons and of Nantes were not more horrible than those of Toulon, Orange, and Marseilles. At Orange (a place of small importance) and its neighborhood, no less than fifteen thousand persons were put to death in two months. Cries of horror and remonstrance rose on all sides, and reached the ears of the Committee of Public Safety, which answered them by declaring itself satisfied with the conduct of Maignet, the official who had commanded these horrible butcheries; and the Convention endorsed the approval of the Committee.

The name of Lyons was suppressed by a decree. Thenceforward it was to be called Commune Affranchie, but Marseilles fared worse. A decree of the Convention declared her a rebellious city which should bear *no name*. A month later, however, another decree permitted her to give up the anonymous and be Marseilles once more. The atrocious folly of such decrees was only equalled by their multiplicity. One day the Convention recorded its approval of an order of a commissioner in the department of Var, ordering all the masons in his district to form a corps for the total demolition of Toulon; the next day it approved another instance of the energetic government of Maignet, who had burned a village a few leagues from Carpentras, because a tree of liberty had been cut down during the night. The villagers all perished in the conflagration, except a few who were shot down by a volunteer company stationed to see that none escaped. Another decree forbade any French soldier to give quarter to any Englishman or Hanoverian. It is needless to add that the various French armies gave no heed to this order.

Those who read of such atrocities very

probably imagine that Paris was a sad and silent city in those days. On the contrary, if despair and consternation were in every heart, men took great pains to conceal their feelings. Never had the theatres, the gambling-houses, the drinking-shops, etc., been better patronized. Sometimes all Paris looked like an enormous *guinguette*. From three to five o'clock on *fête-days* tables stood spread before the houses, to which each family or lodger brought his contribution. A coarse, fierce, dirty patriot was the guest most welcomed at these tables. For every citizen who had any property left was anxious to give no offence to any man who might denounce him in his district; since a reward was paid to all informers at that period, and an especial decree declared the property of any one *detained in prison* to belong of right to the indigent patriots of his own quarter.

There were plenty of Revolutionary *fêtes* to take the place of the old Catholic Church holidays, which had been solemnly abolished by a decree of the Convention Nov. 10, 1793. The goddess of reason had been enthroned, and the cathedral of Notre Dame had been assigned her, whilst the other churches in Paris were devoted to various allegorical and metaphorical divinities, as Liberty, Conjugal Affection, etc. On the day of the installation of the goddess at Notre Dame a dancing girl from the opera was elevated upon the high altar as her representative. Beside her stood Laharpe, the ex-Academician, the well-known author of the "*Cours de Littérature*." Holding his cap of liberty, he opened his address by denying the existence of a God, and then, blaspheming our divine Saviour, he dared him to avenge the insult offered to him in his temple. As no miracle took place in answer to this impious challenge, the crowd burst into loud laughter and shouts of joy. The nave of the church was then turned into a ball-room. The celebrated organist, Séjan, was forced to play on the great organ base dance music of the period, while whirling wretches danced the *carmagnole*, and howled the air of "*Ca ira*." After which they broke the statues, tore the eyes out of the pictures of the saints, and burned everything that had ever borne a part in the worship of the Almighty.

On the 21st January, 1794, there was a splendid *fête* in the Place de la Révolution. It was the anniversary of the day when fell the last of the kings. Singing and dancing round the guillotine celebrated the occasion, until at last, during a pause in the general mirth, four victims, who stood

waiting for the signal, mounted the scaffold, and four heads fell under the fatal axe, amid the shouts of a populace which has always put forth a claim to be called — forsooth — *the people*. The guillotine in those days was the favorite symbol. Dandies (the fashionable costume at that period was a jacket called a *carmagnole*, trousers of coarse cloth, the neck bare, or tied with a red handkerchief, and a felt cap, with a long queue), dandies wore little liberty-caps at their buttonholes, and little gold guillotines for earrings or for breast-pins (if they had any shirts to put them in), and carried stout cudgels in their hands. At dinner parties little mahogany guillotines were used as table ornaments, mahogany being at that time fashionable and rare. Women wore them in their ears, or as finger-rings, or as clasps to their girdles; whilst all the time the great, real guillotine continued its daily labors, no longer picking out its victims, but sweeping them in almost without enquiry. At first wealth and high birth had been men's title to proscription, but after a while all kinds of offences against civism had to be invented to make the number of the executed greater day by day. Those guilty of Girondism and of conservatism were not enough. Success in business soon became a crime, devotion to science was a ground of condemnation. Malesherbes perished for pleading the cause of his late master, and when Lavoisier requested two weeks' reprieve that he might finish the solution of certain problems that would be of use to science and humanity, Coffinhal, the president of the Revolutionary Tribunal, answered, "The republic has no need of science or of chemistry."

Still the guillotine was not satisfied. All the blood it had shed was, so to speak, of the same color. Robespierre found means to satisfy its new caprice. Those who had fed it hitherto became its victims. Ron-sin, Hébert, the originator of the Père Duchêne, Anacharsis Clootz, Chaumette, Vincent, Danton, Chabot, Bazire, Lacroix, Camille Desmoulins, and others, soon followed in the steps of Malesherbes. Louis the Sixteenth's advocate preceded only by a few days his client's judges.

Terror was at its height. Those who still managed to escape the Revolutionary Tribunal, each of whose arrests was but a prelude to the scaffold, had hard work to keep themselves from want, owing to the vexatious police arrangements of this age of liberty. No man could buy bread, meat, wood, candles, or soap without a permit from the authorities of his section, and

then the articles could not be delivered to him for four-and-twenty hours, during which time the authorities were verifying his reputation for good citizenship, and ascertaining that no denunciations had been lodged against him. Such universal wretchedness may in part account for the mad way in which men gave themselves up to pleasure in those days, when no one knew whether he should be alive upon the morrow.

Nor was luxury, nor a taste for speculation arrested by a sense of danger. New buildings went up in all quarters of the city, and were pushed on with an energy that showed how little time their owners felt that they might have to live in them. Costly furniture was purchased for these new abodes, for the danger of being rich did not seem to affect the desire for riches.

At last, indeed, Paris seemed to grow weary of blood. And Robespierre began to perceive that he had better apply himself to calm the passions of the populace, and to organize some reaction to the agitations and emotions in which Paris had lived for upwards of a year. By degrees he had got rid of the extremists of his own party, endeavoring to throw on them the odium of acts which they had only helped him to accomplish, and in order to inaugurate a new era of moderation and of brotherhood, which might do him honor, he began by proposing to the Convention a sort of return to a new species of religion.

On his motion the Assembly decreed that "the French people recognizes the existence of a Supreme Being, and also the immortality of the soul." The inscription of this recognition on the dead walls of Paris did not seem an act of solemnity proportioned to its importance. It was resolved that a great festival should be held in honor of the Supreme Being. The Committee of Public Safety was thereupon ordered to organize the festival. History must not forget that upon that committee there were men who only occupied themselves with their especial functions; Carnot, for instance, who superintended the wars of the republic, directing fourteen armies from his cabinet, sending plans to his various generals, and directing the combinations of their forces. Lindet only concerned himself with the quartermaster's department; Prieur undertook the ordonnance; and Barère the fine arts. Barère sent at once for those who generally undertook the arrangement of the *fêtes* of the republic. The leader of them all was David the painter, the friend and the creature of Robespierre, he who the night

before his patron's fall exclaimed: "If you drink poison I shall drink it too, and die another Socrates." Happily only one Socrates perished on the occasion, and David survived his first patron, as he was to survive his next, Napoleon, whose coronation and second marriage live for us in his work as vividly as if we had seen them.

Barère had a personal fancy for Chénier, whose moderate opinions seemed to mark him out as the proper poet to be entrusted with the composition of a semi-religious hymn, which was to be a feature in the solemnity. Gossec, who was of advanced political opinions, was chosen to compose the music. Gossec was then sixty-one, and was less celebrated for his operas than for his symphonies, which had paved the way for those of Haydn. Among his religious works was the celebrated "Mass for the Dead," which was considered his finest composition.

The *fête* was fixed for the 20th Prairial (June 8), and all the preparations were accomplished. The costumes had been designed and finished, the hymn was written, the music for it composed; everything was ready. The only difficulty was that Sarrette, who always had had the direction of the music in the festivals of the republic, was in prison. He had been there for two months, and nothing could be done without him. Before telling the reader how this misfortune befell Sarrette — though, indeed, such misfortunes happened for no reason at all in those days — we may as well explain by what concatenation of circumstances he had been brought to take so active a part in the republic's festive celebrations. To do so, we must go back a few years.

Before the Revolution, the musical organization of France was entirely religious. There were no singing-schools but those attached to every chapter. There young boys were brought up for the Church, but generally, if they proved to have good voices, they landed in the theatre. There was no musical instruction open to female pupils but that of the opera-house, where a very few were received. Singing had not yet become an art to be cultivated. All that was necessary to please the public was a loud voice with considerable compass. A full-voiced singer was sure to succeed.

At the small school attached to the Italian Opera House in those days there was some good instruction, but the masters were all Italians, and the school was not open to the public. Orchestras

picked up recruits where they could find them. There was tolerable violin instruction to be found in France, but the wind instruments were all played by Germans.

The Marshal de Biron, however, had established in Paris what was called the *Dépôt* of the Gardes Françaises, to train musicians for the various military bands of the country; so that henceforth the theatre drew its performers from two sources, its singers from the Church, and its orchestras from the army.

When the Gardes Françaises were suppressed, M. Sarrette, then captain on the staff of the National Guard of his section, obtained an order to continue the musical school for the benefit of the National Guard. After a while the National Guard was suppressed, and then Sarrette, fearing lest all the musical ability of France would be forced to abandon the country, persuaded the municipality to open a free school for music, the members of which, whether pupils or instructors, were bound to lend their services at all national festivals.

This school was placed under the charge of Gossec and Sarrette, and started in the Rue Saint Joseph. It took the title of Musical Corps of the National Guard, though the National Guard had been abolished. It was the fountain from which all the fourteen armies of the republic drew their bands.

This school was the germ of the present Paris Conservatory. Its musicians formed the Orchestra of the Republic. They took part in all national festivities, and some of them played daily before the legislature. Indeed, music was frequently called upon to make a sort of interlude in the sittings of the Convention. Sarrette, by his co-operation in all the national *fêtes* of the republic, flattered himself that his civism would be above suspicion, and lived in happy security, till he was one day suddenly arrested on the denunciation of an humble inhabitant of the Quartier Monmartre.

This good man, wishing to get rid of the inconvenient practising of a band of wind instruments in his neighborhood, bethought him of declaring to the authorities that he had heard the proscribed air "*Vive Henri IV.*" played by one of the clarionets. By the ingenious device of denouncing the director he expected to break up the school. Really and truly his shaft of malice ought to have struck Gossec, but its victim was his co-director.

For nearly three months poor Sarrette remained an inmate of the prison of Sainte

Pélagie, expecting every day to be called before the Revolutionary Tribunal, which of course meant sentence and execution. At last the governor of the prison sent for him: "Citizen Sarrette," he said, "the republic needs thee. Thou art to leave this place, but a soldier will not lose sight of thee till thou hast fulfilled the duty that the country has assigned thee. I do not say farewell, therefore, but *au revoir*."

Sarrette would have preferred a more definite dismissal, but he had to accept things as he found them, and, in company with his guard, who stuck to him like his shadow, he went back to his old school-room.

It was with considerable emotion that he saw the place once more—the school he had created, of whose future he had dreamed, what now seemed, impossible things. The cry of joy with which his *concièrge* greeted him hardly raised his spirits. The *concièrge* had been an old sergeant in the Swiss Guard; he had escaped the massacre, and Sarrette had protected and provided for him. Fortunately this old soldier found an acquaintance in the sentry who accompanied his benefactor. He easily persuaded him that he would pass the time more pleasantly drinking a few glasses in his *loge*, than going up-stairs with his prisoner to his chamber, especially as he could assure him the only possible way any one could get out of the house was to pass by the place where they would both be sitting. Sarrette, on entering his own rooms, found Gossec and Chénier already in possession. They told him they had got him out of prison in order to superintend the production of a hymn they had composed together. That this would bring him into communication with the authorities, and, that being the case, they thought it might lead to his complete liberation.

A little hope was beginning to dawn on the unfortunate prisoner, when his sentry came up to say that he was wanted by the Committee of Public Safety. No one could think without trembling of that terrible tribunal, and Sarrette's reception when he appeared before it was by no means reassuring.

"Citizen," said Robespierre, who was in the chair, "in three days there will be a *fête* in the garden of the Tuileries and at the Champ de Mars, at which will be produced a hymn in honor of the Supreme Being, now solemnly recognized by the French republic. Have you prepared anything suitable for such a *fête*?"

"Citizen," replied Sarrette, "here is a

hymn, both words and music, composed expressly for this occasion." So saying, he handed the chairman a manuscript that he held in his hand.

Robespierre cast an indifferent glance upon the poetry, which he looked over carelessly enough, but when he got to the last verse and saw the name of its author, his sinister eyes gave a sudden glare.

"What do you mean by this?" he cried, angrily striking his fist on the table before him. "This man is a Girondin—a Brissotin—a friend of Condorcet—Chénier himself! Has *he* been chosen to celebrate one of the great acts of the republic? What aristocrat has dared to entrust this work to him?"

And with these words he glanced round the group before him. Carnot was writing. Lindet and Prieur were looking over some marginal notes upon their papers, Couthon, Saint Just, Billaud-Varenne, and Collot d'Herbois looked as angry as their leader. Barère, having anticipated a storm, had slipped out through a side door as soon as he saw Sarrette put the paper into Robespierre's hands.

"Citizen," said Sarrette quietly, pointing to the soldier at his side, "you may see by the company I am forced to keep that I have not been my own master for some time. I have had no chance to choose or to employ anybody. When I reached my own rooms this morning, I found this poetry and this music waiting for me. All I have done was to bring them here for your approval."

"Where do you come from?" said Robespierre.

"From Ste. Pélagie. I have been there three months."

"What are you accused of?"

"I'm not accused of anything. The accusation is against the air '*Vive Henri IV*.' It had the bad taste to let itself be played by somebody or other, I never knew by whom, in the municipal musical schoolroom. That is the reason I have been in prison three months."

Robespierre shrugged his shoulders, and thought a moment, then he said,—

"See here, you say you did not choose the author of these words. I am willing to believe you, but you have got to choose me another author. You must bring me a new hymn for my approval, and the third day from now it must be publicly performed."

"But, citizen, how can I in two days get the words written and the music composed and the whole copied? I shall hardly have time to get my choirs together."

"Your choirs? What do I want with a choir? I don't want a lot of you paid brawlers at twelve francs a head, which is what you have been charging the republic for them at all her ceremonies. I don't want any choir, understand? Singers, indeed! Aristocrats, artists, appendages to ancient royalty, fellows who sing for money, and for whoever will give it them. It's the people — the whole people who shall sing this hymn, and sing it for nothing. There shall be sixty thousand voices — a hundred thousand voices — two hundred thousand in the choir this time. That's my notion of music, and that's what I expect of you, citizen!"

Sarrette looked perfectly confounded.

"Well," said Robespierre, "what are you standing still for? Make haste and get everything ready, and remember one thing; you are let out of prison that a hymn to the Supreme Being may be sung, and you will go back to where you came from, if the hymn is not sung according to my idea of it. Now go."

There was no option. Sarrette now perceived he would be pardoned if the piece could be written, learned, and executed in rather more than forty-eight hours. But the thing was impossible. Another thing too troubled him; he had been hourly expecting his own death for three months, but he now saw that there was no escape for Chénier. In vain he turned over in his own mind how he could save him. As he entered his own house his good *conciërge* stopped him.

"Monsieur," he said (he dared say monsieur when they were alone together), "here is a paper some one has left for you. He said it was something very important."

"Who brought it?"

"A little humpbacked fellow who would not tell me his name. But he said he would be back to-morrow for an answer."

Sarrette took the paper, but felt no interest in it, and did not open it. Sadly and slowly he mounted the stairs.

"Chénier," he said, on entering, "you are done for, my poor friend. Robespierre would have nothing to do with your hymn, for no other reason than because you had written it, and because he hates your principles. You must try and make your escape. Your death is certainly resolved on."

"Escape! Escape!" cried Chénier. "How can I?"

"There is one chance for you," said Sarrette eagerly. "Hide yourself here. No one saw you come in but the *conciërge*, and, as you well know, you may trust

him. Our pupils never come into this part of the building. No one will suspect you of seeking a refuge in a place belonging to government. So I must trust, my good fellow, you may be luckier than I, and avoid making acquaintance with Ste. Pélagie. I am going back there."

"Going back?" cried Gossec and Chénier together.

"Yes indeed," replied Sarrette sadly, "I was only to be set free if the hymn to the Supreme Being was duly sung, and you know as well as I do that to get it rewritten, recomposed, and rehearsed in two days is simply impossible."

So saying, Sarrette flung himself into an armchair, and the paper he was holding dropped upon the floor. Gossec picked it up.

"What's this?" he said to Sarrette.

"I don't know; open it. It is probably something about the school."

All of a sudden Gossec's face grew radiant. He sprang from his seat with a cry of joy.

"Oh friends!" he shouted eagerly; "we are saved; we are saved!"

"How saved?"

"My music; you, Sarrette; you, Chénier; the *Etre Suprême*; the republic; everybody is saved. See here. He waved the paper in the air, and read the following letter: —

"CITIZEN,

"I hear there is to be a great *fête* given in recognition of the Supreme Being, and I send you some verses I have made for the occasion. I should be delighted to think that they were thought worthy of adoption. I will call to-morrow to hear their fate."

"And by an especial Providence, by the favor of the Supreme Being himself, the poem is in the same metre as Chénier's, the stanzas are the same length. He has used some of the same words. It can be set to the same music without an alteration! Come, my good fellow," went on Gossec, "get your choirs together, give out the parts, begin to make your arrangements. We'll get it sung."

"Choirs!" cried Sarrette, "there are not to be any choirs. The whole population of Paris is to sing."

"The people!" cried Gossec in despair. "Why, the people can't learn parts."

"There's not to be any parts."

"What! Are they all to sing together?"

"That's the idea."

"It is not my idea. I won't have my

music sung in that way. I'd rather tear it up than hear it murdered!"

"All right, then," said Sarrette, "if you'd rather see me guillotined. I thought you might be willing to sacrifice your music to save the life of an old friend."

Though Gossec was sixty-one, he was as impetuous as a lad of eighteen, he saw at once the absurdity of his enthusiasm for his own composition. He flung his arms round Sarrette.

"Ah, my good friend!" he cried, "I'll let them sing it altogether, they may sing it in every key at once, and as out of tune as they will. I forgot your life hung on the performance of my music. Let us see. What must be first done?"

"We must get together every musician we know," said Sarrette, "and set them to work. I'll explain what they have to do when you get them here."

Gossec set out at all speed. An hour after he came back, and with him Méhul, Grétry, Cherubini, and a dozen others, the musicians and composers of the period. All welcomed Sarrette, and fell into his views with enthusiasm. He explained in a few words what must be done immediately. All the sections were to be convoked, and before each was to appear a musician, either playing on some instrument himself or with a pupil to play for him, to teach the people the hymn to be sung by the united voices of all Paris on the day after the morrow. Each promised to do his best for the hymn to the Supreme Being. Sarrette himself set off for the Committee which was still in session. The words were approved with enthusiasm, and the sections brought together by sound of drum. That evening, and all the next day, Paris became a singing-school. Cherubini stood on a balcony in an open square — the *carrefour Gaillon* — a pupil, armed with a clarionet, played Gossec's melody, Cherubini sang the words in his vile Italian accent, and then, gesticulating, and grimacing like a man possessed, shaking his fist and menacing his pupils when they did not sing the right notes, he proceeded to instruct the crowd before him. Méhul took another quarter, and accompanied himself on a violin. Four other composers of the same stamp instructed similar classes. Plantade and Richer, being singers by profession, gave their instruction with less trouble to themselves, and theirs were the most popular classes. By the next evening the "Father of Nature" might be heard sung, howled, growled, or hummed all over Paris; in every quarter, every street, and every dwelling.

In the course of the same day Sarrette was informed that Citizen Desorgues wished to speak to him. He was so overwhelmed with public business that he declined to receive a visitor. But this one insisted so earnestly that he must come in that he could not be got rid of. A little man was therefore introduced, deformed in person, timid and insinuating in manner.

"Citizen," said he, addressing Sarrette, "you cannot guess the reason of my visit?"

"I beg your pardon, but I think I can," said the director, who at once remembered that the important manuscript had been left by a hunchback the day before, "you have come to ask me what decision I have arrived at respecting your poem."

"Not at all," replied the little man. "Quite the contrary."

"How so? The contrary?"

"Yes; I am come to beg you to give me back my manuscript, and to forget it was ever sent to you."

"But I don't understand you."

"Monsieur, are we alone? May I speak freely?"

"Certainly, my dear sir," said Sarrette, carefully closing all the doors.

The little hunchback then sat down, and, after casting a furtive glance round the apartment, proceeded to explain himself, with a curious mixture of timidity and pride.

"I am," he said, "or rather I was once, the Chevalier Desorgues. Notwithstanding some former successes in society," here a grin of self-complacency accompanied his words, "notwithstanding my illustrious name and noble family, I have for the past few years been able to live entirely unknown, entirely forgotten. All my old friends, all those of my former society who did not emigrate in the beginning have been, one by one, suspected, arrested and guillotined. I am the last remnant of the little colony of the Rue Saint Florentin which we formed before the year '92. I am the only one who now remains to stand before that monster of blood-thirstiness, that terrible tiger — Ah! pardon me, perhaps you are a friend of M. Robespierre?"

"Not in the least," said Sarrette with a smile. "Don't trouble yourself."

"Well, then," went on his visitor, "the sight of that man, whom I see pass my windows every day, caused me such qualms and tremors that I am made physically ill by it. Several times I have resolved to move, but being the last noble, the last

aristocrat in our street, all eyes would be upon me if I stirred. I should awaken suspicion, I might draw down upon myself the notice of that very monster. It has struck me that some brilliant act of civism on my part might put me above suspicion. But the only acceptable acts of civism nowadays appear to be the denunciation of other people. Yesterday it struck me that if I could write the hymn to the Supreme Being, which I could do without violence to the principles I have always professed, I might acquire such a reputation as a good republican, that I might move from the Rue Saint Florentin without danger of suspicion. But last night I remembered that on the contrary I might be drawing all eyes upon myself, and that the sequel to my celebrity might be an investigation into my past history. In short, I have come to the conclusion to request you to give me back my hymn and the letter I wrote you yesterday, that no trace of this unfortunate venture may remain."

"I am very sorry, my dear chevalier, but I carried your hymn yesterday to the Committee of Public Safety, and M. Robespierre, as you call him, was delighted with it."

"What! did the monster think my verses good?"

"Excellent, sublime; and he intends they shall be sung to-morrow — the 20th Prairial — by the whole population of Paris. Why, how happens it that you have not heard your own words sung everywhere last evening?"

"Monsieur, for some time past, ever since I grew afraid to move, I have kept myself close, resolving never to go into the streets until a happier order of things — and this visit probably will be the last time I shall go out of my own doors."

"Let me recommend you to change your mind. Go to the *fête*. Let Robespierre see you and know you. His countenance may be your protection should you incur any danger."

"Oh! my dear monsieur — I could not. I dare not. I should faint away if he looked at me."

"Take courage," replied Sarrette, rising. "I will answer for it that, in spite of your brilliant success in a former condition of society, and the illustrious name which connects you with the aristocracy, he has never even heard of you."

"Then you think the wretch does not aim at my destruction?"

"I don't believe he is thinking of you at all, and I can assure you, on the contrary,

that he will be quite disposed to patronize the bard of the Supreme Being, whose high pontiff he has constituted himself."

The little hunchback took his leave with many thanks, and a somewhat easier mind. His vanity as a poet got the better of his terror as an aristocrat, and he made up his mind to be present at the next day's ceremony.

By six o'clock in the morning an immense crowd took possession of the garden of the Tuileries, which had been closed for some days in order that David might complete his preparations. An immense scaffolding with ascending rows of seats was set up against the principal pavilion of the palace, where the Convention then held its sittings. All the members were seated on these benches. Before them was a kind of altar or antique tripod, like those used in incantation scenes at the opera. Two stuffed figures draped after the Greek fashion, one called Atheism, and the other Fanaticism, lay at its foot. Behind the altar was an immense chair, very much after the pattern of a throne, intended for the high priest of reason. That high priest was none other than Robespierre, but his friend David could not succeed in persuading him to adopt a costume in harmony with the ancient Greek character which he gave to the rest of his preparations.

Robespierre wore his hair powdered. His white muslin cravat was very carefully adjusted, his shirt and his marseilles waistcoat were of irreproachable whiteness, a bright blue coat, knee breeches, white silk stockings, and shoes with large gold buckles, completed his costume, which had no connection with mythology. He stepped to the front of the platform, and after a few airs played by the Orchestra of the Republic, to which was assigned a place behind the members of the Convention, he delivered a long metaphysical discourse, which nobody heard and every one applauded. Then, whilst a hundred thousand voices sang the hymn to the Supreme Being, he gave a signal with a large bouquet he held in his hand. The two stuffed figures were set on fire. When they were consumed, their ashes were scattered to the winds, after which an immense antique chariot, laden with allegorical personages clad in Greek costumes, headed a procession which directed its course towards the Champ de Mars, where the same ceremonies were to be repeated. The altar was carried in the procession by ballet girls from the opera, dressed in white tunics like those of the

priests of Jupiter. Bundles of rods and ensigns were borne before the altar, which only wanted the letters S. P. Q. R. to be complete imitations of Roman standards. The grand pontiff and the members of the Convention joined the march, followed by the orchestra and the populace. The same proceedings were gone through with in the Champ de Mars, and Sarrette, at the head of his musicians, was just making ready to go home after all was over, when an uproar in the crowd attracted his attention.

He saw Gossec, who had just been recognized by the mob, borne in triumph on men's shoulders. Gossec, not liking the absurdity of being alone in his glory in his elevated position, had pointed out to his admirers his fellow-laborer, the little hunchback, whom he perceived in the throng. Instantly a thousand stout, rough men pressed forward and raised the poet to the side of the composer. Their absurd appearance in this triumphal procession, their anxious faces as they looked at one another with disquiet and astonishment, were beyond description.

They were set at liberty at last after having been borne round the Champ de Mars, and the *fête* terminated by the mob's singing and dancing the *carmagnole* round the altar of reason.

Robespierre was enchanted. Everything had gone off to his entire satisfaction. Sarrette obtained full pardon, and was delivered from the company of his sentry, who, but for his fraternization with an old comrade in the porter's lodge would have been intolerable. But, though delivered from personal anxiety, he continued to be very apprehensive as to the fate of Chénier.

A poet is a poet wherever fate has placed him. In the tedium of his captivity in the rooms of Sarrette, Chénier wrote the "*Chant du Départ*," one of the noblest odes in the French language.

La victoire en chantant nous ouvre la barrière.

Méhul, who knew his friend's hiding-place, came often to visit him. Full of enthusiasm for those noble verses, which Chénier read to him, he completed the work by setting them to music, a music worthy the words.

Charmed with this noble work, conceived and executed almost under his own eyes, Sarrette resolved, on the first suitable occasion, to bring it before the public. That

opportunity soon arrived. The double victory won by the French at Fleurus was to be made the occasion of a national festivity.

Sarrette ventured to present Chénier's military poem to the Committee of Public Safety, as the work of a poet who desired to remain unknown.

"Ah!" exclaimed Robespierre, "this poetry is grand—it is worthy of the republic! It is worth all the verses ever written by that vile Girondin, Chénier."

He ordered that the piece should be sent at once to the fourteen armies of the republic, and that it should be called "*Le Chant du Départ*." He did better still. This time he let Sarrette engage a choir which cost more than a population which sang for nothing: however, the choir sang the best, and gave the hymn in parts, which was much more satisfactory to the composer than the popular method.

The anonymous words and Méhul's music had immense success. But the dangerous mystification of which the Committee of Public Safety had been the victim, might any day be brought to light, and that possibility gave Sarrette many anxieties. Happily, not long after, his fears were put an end to by the ninth Thermidor, and Chénier, after the fate of Robespierre, put his name to the poem.

The Feast of the Supreme Being was never again celebrated. A year later, on the recommendation of Lajoinais, public worship was again permitted. The "*Chant du Départ*" long continued to share with the Marseillaise the privilege of exciting the ardor of the French armies, and if it never quite attained the popularity of the hymn of Rouget de Lisle, it has at least had the advantage of never having served as a rallying cry for hordes of ferocious wretches.

Chénier not long after had the pleasure of gratifying Sarrette by getting the legislature of the period, of which he was a member, to vote for the organization of the Conservatory of Paris on the basis of a report which his friend furnished him.

Sarrette survived all the other actors in these scenes. He witnessed the prosperity of the Conservatory which he had established, and he beheld the restoration of a French republic in 1848. Maybe he found music less encouraged in the republic under Lamartine, than in the republic under Robespierre.

From The Fortnightly Review.
SAINT-EVREMOND.

It is recorded that Archbishop Turpin once appeared in a dream to a *trouvère* named Nicolas of Padua, and enjoined upon him for the health of his soul to put the veracious "*Chronique*" into verse. This Nicolas proceeded to do, and in order to make the matter sure extended his version to some twenty thousand lines. On this, M. Léon Gautier, who tells the story, and who, though a pious Catholic, is a Frenchman, remarks, not unnaturally, "*Le ciel se gagnait alors bien laborieusement.*" It is at any rate certain that a good many French authors would, on such terms, have but little chance of any heaven, literary or other, and of hardly any French writer is this truer than of the famous courtier, wit, and free-thinker, whose name stands at the head of this page. As a writer, Saint-Evremond, though one of the least voluminous of his kind considering the numerous forms he tried, had once a commanding reputation, and though it may have become somewhat dim, it is not yet extinct. The piratical booksellers of the end of the seventeenth century are said to have more frequently ordered "*du Saint-Evremond*" from their hacks than any other compound, and to this day it is sometimes difficult to separate accurately the false work from the true. Although Voltaire was not too just to his forerunner, the popular estimate of the relation in which the two stand to one another is sufficiently accurate. With Pascal and Bayle, Saint-Evremond constitutes the immediate literary ancestry of the author of "*Candide*," and perhaps displays more of the special characteristics of his descendant than either of the other two. Yet it would probably be difficult, even for those who have more knowledge of French literature than the average Englishman possesses, to name many of Saint-Evremond's works, much more to give an account of them. For Englishmen, however, Saint-Evremond has some special interest. He lived for nearly half his long life amongst us, and, unlike some other refugees, he had a decided love for our nation. He was the first Frenchman of distinction to give anything like a rational or critical account of any portion of English literature. Besides all this, and notwithstanding the fact that he was a Frenchman of Frenchmen, he had a strongly English vein in his composition, and serves as a link to explain the close connection that for some half-century existed between English and French

belles-lettres, a connection which was by no means a matter of mere court influence or fashion, and which is as little apparent after the death of Chesterfield as it is before the manhood of Dryden.

Charles de Marguetel de Saint-Denis was born at Saint-Denis-le-Guastr, near Coutances, on the 1st of April, 1610, and died at London on the 20th of September, 1703. Men of letters in France in the seventeenth century, who were also men of rank, had a curious habit of living to the most surprising ages, and Saint-Evremond, like Fontenelle and Saint-Aulaire, was almost a centenarian. His family was a good one, allied to the best houses of Normandy, and his father was fairly wealthy, but he himself (with a designation which he took from one of the family estates) was the third of seven children, and his portion was modest, though sufficient for the time. At no period during his life was he wealthy, and it is only fair to remember that, in his time, almost any man who had birth, brains, and a good address could obtain wealth if he chose. When he was nine years old he was sent to Paris, and entered at that famous school which, under the successive names of Collège de Clermont, Collège Louis le Grand, and Lycée Louis le Grand has educated so many of the greatest men of France. Like several other pupils of the Jesuits, Saint-Evremond requited the pains of his instructors with not very welcome *ἀπέκτρα*, but for his special master, the Père Canaye, he seems to have entertained affection, and the raillery with which he treats him in a notable conversation is good-humored enough. After four or five years of school he returned to Normandy, and studied philosophy at Caen, whence he was moved to the Collège d'Harcourt. Destined for the law, he worked for some time at it, but soon took to a more congenial occupation, accompanying Bassompierre and Créquy on the Italian expedition of 1629-1632. After this, the Thirty Years' War gave him abundant occupation in the north, and he served for several years in the Netherlands and on the Rhine, the comfortable system of winter-quarters permitting him plenty of opportunities both of study and society. In 1639 he made the acquaintance of Gassendi, and learned from the great Neo-Epicurean the doctrines which colored all the rest of his life and work. He was present at the siege of Arras, at Rocroi, Fribourg and Nordling (in the last of which fights he was severely wounded), at the capture of Dunkirk, at the battle of Lens. This gave

him something like twenty years of foreign service, and he afterwards took a part in the intestine disturbances of the Fronde. For many years he was a favorite and constant companion of Condé, but some real or reported slips of his sharp tongue angered the great leader, and Saint-Evremond lost his favor. During the Fronde he adhered steadily to the royalist side, which he aided not merely with his sword, but with a satire on the Norman partisans of the Duke de Longueville. Under his friend, the Duke de Candale, he enjoyed some employments in Guienne, from which he succeeded in amassing, during the space of two years and a half, the sum of fifty thousand livres, a considerable amount for the time, though there does not seem to be any evidence to show that he abused his opportunities. Among his other friends was the common friend of all men of letters, Fouquet, and it was this acquaintance which was at any rate the occasional cause of his disgrace. On Fouquet's downfall he accompanied Louis XIV. to Brittany. But he left behind him, in the care of the superintendent's friend, Madame de Bellière, a case of papers, which fell into the hands of Colbert, as the result of a domiciliary visitation to which the lady was subjected. The case contained a copy of the "Letter on the Peace of the Pyrenees," in which that arrangement was very sharply criticised. Colbert, as usual, did not lose the opportunity of crushing a friend of his rival, and little was wanted to rouse the susceptible vanity of Louis. Warned of danger, Saint-Evremond for a time wandered about the provinces, thinking that the storm might blow over; but it did not, and he finally made his way to England.

Here he was welcomed with open arms by the king, by courtiers of the stamp of Buckingham and Rochester, and by literary men, such as Waller and Hobbes. Charles gave him a pension of three hundred a year, which was probably paid, inasmuch as long afterwards we find Saint-Evremond eulogizing the place of his exile as one "where guineas were plentiful, and where there was full liberty to spend them." In 1665, the plague year, he retired to Holland, and stayed there for some time, but England was much more to his taste, and he returned to our shores after a year or two, nor did he ever afterwards quit them. Soon, too, he had an additional tie to the country. Hortense Mancini, Duchess Mazarin, tired of battling with her half-lunatic husband, came to England, and Saint-Evremond at once

established himself as her mentor, lover, and satirist, all in one. His influence undoubtedly had not a little to do with the formation of her *salon*, and with its reputation for wit and easy living. In the early days of his exile he had, through the Count de Lionne and others, made some overtures for his recall. There is, however, a sarcastic flavor about his apologies which Louis, who was no dullard, may very possibly have perceived; and besides, it seems probable that Saint-Evremond's free-thinking (though of a very decent, moderate, and unaggressive type) was made to work against him by the king's spiritual advisers. However this may be, no recall was granted, and by degrees Saint-Evremond ceased to desire any; so much so, that at length, when, after the English Revolution, a restoration to favor was offered him, he declined it. The Revolution itself made no difference to him. William, whom he had early known and admired in Holland, regarded him with quite as much favor as the Stuarts, and the society of England suited him far better than the new faces and other minds of Versailles could possibly have done. The death of his Hortense in 1699 was doubtless a blow to him; but he survived her as well as William and most of his early friends, dying in 1703 at the age of ninety-three. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, and the soil of Albion, which had certainly not been perfidious to him, still holds his bones. His bust and tablet may be seen in Poet's Corner, immediately to the right of Prior's monument, and above that of Sharp.

It was in England, and at the extreme end of his life, that the first and only authoritative collection of his works was made. He had long refused to publish, and most of his productions circulated, if they circulated at all, in manuscript. Like all his contemporaries, however, he suffered from pirates, and not unfrequently had "works" of his submitted to him, which did not contain a single line of his writing. At last he took counsel of the well-known man of letters, Des Maizeaux, and put into his hands what he supposed to be the whole of his work. But he seems to have admitted that his memory might in some cases play him false, and advantage of this was taken after his death to begin once more the attribution of spurious works. Saint-Evremond has more than once undergone the process of selection which he both needs and deserves. The two most recent of these selections are a volume of the "*Collection*"

Didot" edited by M. Hippeau, and a better printed and more ambitious one by M. Charles Giraud. The latter contains a huge biographical introduction which takes some four hundred pages to reach the date of its hero's exile, and seems to have been regarded by its author as a sort of waste-pipe for relieving himself of his miscellaneous knowledge of the period. It is remarkable that (at least to my knowledge) none of the industrious publishers who, in the last few years, have put forth pocket editions *de luxe* of the little masterpieces of French literature, has given a volume or two to the author of the "*Conversation du Père Canaye*" and the "*Lettre to Créqui*."

Saint-Evremond's literary attempts did not begin till he had already reached middle life, and till the Thirty Years' War was drawing to a close. I have said that in the intervals of his campaigns he devoted himself to society in Paris. That society was in the full swing of the literary fashion which the starting of the Academy and the formation of the Rambouillet and other coteries called forth. Almost the earliest work which came from Saint-Evremond's pen was the "*Comédie des Académistes*," a satire on the immortals which was attributed to more than one of their own body. From that time until his death, nearly sixty years afterwards, it was rare for any considerable time to elapse without his writing something. These productions were invariably of the occasional order. One of the peculiarities of the time was its affection for particular literary forms in which the wits of the period could vie with one another. Such were the famous sonnets of the Uranistes and Jobistes; such the short historic sketches of striking events of which Sarrasin and De Retz set the example; such, later, the fairy tales in which mobs of gentlemen and ladies who wrote with more or less ease vainly endeavored to rival Hamilton and Perrault. There were, however, certain styles which were peculiarly popular, which were specially well suited for this class of composition, and which have resulted rather surprisingly in the production of some of the masterpieces of the world's literature. Such are the *pensée*, the *maxime*, the *portrait*, the *conversation*. Saint-Evremond did not much affect the shorter forms in which his great contemporaries, Pascal and La Rochefoucauld, were to obtain imperishable renown. But his characters, his portraits, and his conversations are among the very best of their kind. The moralizing tendency, of

which Montaigne had set the fashion, was never stronger than in him, and he showed it in almost every production of his pen. In the art of tale-telling he had a singular skill, and his short history of the Irish *illuminé*, Valentine Greatrakes, strikes one, as do many of his other writings, with a curious sense of modernness as compared with most of the literature of the period. At all times he was greatly given to professed moralizing on religious and philosophical matters, and he has left not a few *pensées*, *reflections*, and *discours*, dealing directly with religion. History, however, and public business were far from being neglected by one who had in his time been an active soldier and politician. His letter on the Peace of the Pyrenees is the most authentic cause which has been assigned for his disgrace, and his longest and most regular work consists of reflections on the character of the Romans at different times of their history. The historical and moralizing spirit unites with that of literary criticism in some papers on the captains of his time, Turenne, Condé, Beaufort, and on some of those of antiquity, as well as on the historians, ancient and modern, who had dealt with them.

A considerable part of his work consists of almost purely literary criticism; tinged, it is true, by an infusion of the moralizing of which Saint-Evremond rarely divests himself wholly. He was, like Madame de Sevigné and others of the brightest wits of the time, a staunch supporter of Corneille against the rising popularity of Racine; and his parallel of the latter's "*Alexandre*" with Corneille's work drew from the older dramatist a warm acknowledgment. Drama, not merely French, but Spanish, Italian, and English, came in for much of his attention, and he has also left a large number of critical discourses in the taste of the time (a taste which perhaps might be revived without much harm) for dealing with more abstract literary questions. Like all his contemporaries he dabbled in poetry, and I fear I cannot say that his dabbings were any more successful or productive than was the case with most of those contemporaries. Last, but not least, comes to be mentioned his correspondence, in which many of his best things occur. Like much other correspondence of the time, it was intended to be at least semi-public, and we find him alluding to expressions of his own in letters which had evidently got abroad and had become the subjects of general comment. Nor was his early legal education

entirely without result in the work of his later life, and it may have stood him in some stead when he composed for his beloved Hortense Mancini a formal reply to the formal complaint of her doubtless sorely tried but almost equally trying and indeed half-insane husband.

The "*Conversation du Maréchal d'Hocquincourt avec le Père Canaye*" is fortunately short enough to be given here in full, with some slight necessary omissions. It needs no prelude except to say that the scene is laid in the middle of the Fronde, that Canaye was Saint-Evremond's tutor at the Collège de Clermont, and that D'Hocquincourt was a typical French noble of the time and a lover of the famous Madame de Montbazon, the ghastly legend of whose burial is well known:—

I was dining one day with Marshal d'Hocquincourt at Peronne, when Father Canaye, who was of the party, turned the conversation by degrees upon the submission of reason which religion asks from us. He told us of some bran-new miracles and some entirely modern revelations, and ended by observing that the plague was not more to be shunned than those free-thinkers who wish to examine everything by the light of reason.

"Who talks about free-thinkers?" said the marshal; "nobody knows them better than I do. Bardouville and Saint Ibal were my particular friends, and, indeed, 'twas they who drew me over to the side of M. de Soissons against Richelieu. Do I know the free-thinkers? Why I could write a book about them and their speeches. When Bardouville died, and Saint Ibal went to Holland, I made friends with La Frette and Sauveboeuf, who were not exactly geniuses, but very good fellows. La Frette was a capital companion, and a great friend of mine. I think I showed my friendship in his last illness. I saw him dying of low fever like an old woman, and it made me quite mad to think that La Frette, who had fought with the greatest fire-eaters of the time, was going out like a candle. Both of us, Sauveboeuf and myself, were anxious to keep up our friend's character, and I made up my mind to blow his brains out that he might die like a man. I was just putting the pistol to his forehead when a rascally Jesuit who was there struck up my arm and spoilt the shot. It vexed me so that I became a Jansenist at once."

"Ah, monseigneur," said Father Canaye, "observe how constantly Satan is on the watch, and how he goes about seeking whom he may devour! You take a trifling grudge against our society, and he improves the occasion to surprise and devour you. Nay, he does worse than devour you, he makes a Jansenist of you. Oh! let us be watchful. It is impossible to be too watchful against the enemy of the human race."

"The father is quite right," said the marshal. "I have been told that the devil never sleeps, and one must meet him on his own terms and keep on the alert. But never mind the devil, let us talk of ourselves. For my part I used to love war above all things, after war Madame de Montbazon, and after Madame de Montbazon philosophy."

"It is reasonable," said the father, "that you should love war, monseigneur, for war loves you, and has loaded you with honors. Do you know that I too am a man of war? The king has made me hospital chaplain in his army of Flanders; is not that being a man of war? Who would ever have believed that Father Canaye would become a soldier? I am one, monseigneur, and I find that I do God just as much service in the camp as I used to do him at the Collège de Clermont. There is, therefore, no harm in your loving war. To go to war is to serve one's king, and to serve one's king is to serve God. But as for Madame de Montbazon, if you regarded her with eyes of concupiscence, I hope you will excuse my remarking that your wishes were culpable. I am sure, monseigneur, that you did not. You loved her with an innocent affection."

"What, father! do you want to make me out a fool? I can assure you that Marshal d'Hocquincourt has been taught better than that. I meant, father, I meant— You know quite well what I meant."

"Fie! fie! monseigneur; what do you mean by 'I meant'? Our good fathers would be quite shocked at that 'I meant.' But you are joking. When one is an old soldier one becomes accustomed to all sorts of ways of talking. Well! well! as I said, you are joking."

"Not in the least, my good sir," said the marshal. "Do you know how much I loved her?"

"*Usque ad aras*, no doubt, monseigneur."

"I don't know about *aras*, father. But look here," said the marshal, taking up a knife, and gripping the handle very hard, "if she had told me to kill you, this knife would be deep in your heart at this moment."

Now the good father was shocked at the tone of this conversation, and still more at the marshal's excitement. He had recourse to secret prayer, and prayed very heartily to be delivered from his state of peril. But as he was not entirely confident of the success of this method, he kept shuffling away from the marshal by a gentle process of movement on his seat. The marshal followed him in exactly the same way, and as he kept the knife raised, one really might have thought that he was going to carry out his idea. Natural malice made me enjoy his reverence's alarm for a moment, but at last I became afraid that the marshal in his transport might turn jest into earnest, and so I reminded him that Madame de Montbazon being dead, there was, fortunately, no danger of peril from her to Father Canaye.

"Ah, yes," said the marshal, "heaven does

all for the best. The loveliest of all women was beginning to look askance on me. She had a little wretch of an Abbé de Rancé always about her, a miserable little Jansenist, who talked to her in public about grace, and in private about very different subjects. That made me break with the Jansenists. Before that I used not to lose a single sermon that Desmares preached, and I swore by all the Port Royal people. Since then I have always had a Jesuit as a confessor, and if my son has sons I will have them educated at the Collège de Clermont on pain of being cut off with a shilling."

"Oh, how admirable are the ways of Providence!" cried Father Canaye. "How deep are the secrets of its policy! A little Jansenist dandy admires a lady of whom monseigneur is fond, and a merciful Providence avails itself of the spirit of jealousy to restore monseigneur to the fold. Wonderful, indeed, are its judgments!"

As soon as the good father had finished these pious reflections, I thought that I might as well say something, and I asked the marshal whether he had not said that philosophy had succeeded Madame de Montbazoin in his affections.

"Philosophy! I should think so!" he said. "I have been only too fond of it. But I have got clear of it now, and I shall not go back. There was a deuce of a fellow who so muddled my brains by talking of our first parents and apples and serpents and cherubims and paradises that really I was within an ace of believing nothing at all; in fact, I didn't believe anything at all, hang me if I did. But now I am ready to go to the stake for religion's sake. It isn't that I see the sense of it; on the contrary, I see less sense than ever. But still I would go to the stake for it without knowing why, and that is all I can tell you."

"So much the better, monseigneur," said the father in a tone slightly nasal, but very devout, "so much the better. This is not the doing of man, but of God. 'I see no sense in it.' That is true religion, that is. 'No sense in it!' How gracious Providence has been to you, monseigneur! We are told to be as little children. Children are innocent; and why? because they have not got any sense. 'Blessed are the poor in spirit, for they do not sin.' Why? Because they have no reason. 'I don't see any sense in it.' 'I can't tell you why.' 'I don't know why.' What beautiful words! They ought to be written in letters of gold. 'It is not that I see any sense in it; on the contrary, less than ever.' Certainly this is the work of heaven, for those at least who know how to appreciate heavenly things. 'No sense in it.' How gracious Providence has been to you!"

It is possible that the father would have pushed his holy detestation of sense and reason still farther, but at this moment letters were brought to the marshal from the court, which put an end to the edifying discourse. The marshal read his letters to himself, and

when he had done so he was good enough to communicate their contents to the company. "If I wished to play the politician," said he, "like some people, I should go into my study to read my despatches, but I always act and speak openly. The cardinal tells me that Stenay is taken, that the court will be here in a week, and that I am to have the command of the besieging army to go and relieve Arras with Turenne and La Ferté. I have not forgotten that Turenne let M. le prince beat me when the court was at Gien; perhaps I shall have a chance of paying him back in the same coin. If Arras could be relieved and Turenne beaten it would exactly suit me. I'll do my best towards it, and I say no more." He would doubtless have told us all the circumstances of his battle and his grievance against Turenne, but news was brought that the convoy was already at some distance from the town, so that we had to take leave somewhat earlier than we should otherwise have done.

Father Canaye, who had no mount, asked for one to take him to the camp. "And what sort of a horse would you like?" said the marshal.

"I shall answer you, monseigneur, as the good Father Suarez answered the Duke of Medina Sidonia in like case, '*Qualem me decet esse; mansuetum.*' A gentle and peaceable beast, such as I ought to be myself."

"I know something of your Latin," said the marshal. "*Mansuetum!* That would suit a sheep better than a horse. Give my own horse to the father; I love his order and himself. Give him my good horse."

I despatched my business, and shortly rejoined the convoy. We got safely through, but not without some fatigue to Father Canaye. I met him during the march on M. d'Hocquincourt's good horse—a lively beast, never still, always champing his bit, shying and neighing after every horse he met, to the father's great dismay. "Why father," said I, as I came up to him, "is that a mount in the style of Suarez?"

"Ah, sir," he began, "I am quite worn out; I can't stand it any longer." But at that moment we put up a hare. At once a hundred horsemen left the ranks to gallop after her, and there were pistol-shots fired enough for a respectable skirmish. The father's horse, well accustomed to fire, ran away with him, and made him in a minute outstrip all the hunters. It was pleasant to see a Jesuit showing the way to the field without the least intention of doing so. Luckily the hare was soon killed, and I found the father in the midst of a score of troopers, who were congratulating him on being in at the death, after a run which really might be called a providential interposition.

He received their politeness with a good grace, and in his heart he began quite to despise Suarez' *mansuetum caballum*, and thought not a little of himself for the excellent figure he flattered himself he had cut upon the marshal's thoroughbred. But he soon had occasion to remember that fine saying of Solomon,

Vanitas vanitatum, omnia vanitas. As he grew cool he felt a pain to which excitement had hitherto rendered him insensible, and vainglory giving place to real anguish, he regretted the repose of his society and the sweets of the peaceful life he had quitted. But his meditations were useless. The camp had to be reached, and he was so tired of his steed that I could see he was quite ready to leave Bucephalus to his own devices, and head the infantry on foot.

I consoled him for his woes, and partly cured them by giving him the most easy-going animal that he could possibly have desired. He thanked me a thousand times, and was so sensible of my courtesy that, forgetting his cloth, he talked to me more like a frank and open-hearted man than a wary Jesuit. I asked him what he thought of M. d'Hocquincourt. "He is an excellent gentleman," he said; "indeed, a precious soul. He has left the Jansenists, and we are much obliged to him; but, for my part, I shall not sit next him again at table, and I shall never borrow another horse of him." Satisfied with this first confidence, I thought I would try to draw him out further. "What," said I, "is the origin of the terrible enmity between you and the Jansenists? Is it really due to a difference of opinions about grace?" "That would be absurd," he answered. "It is folly to think that our mutual hatred is due to divergence of opinion on such a point. Neither grace nor the five propositions have really set us by the ears. It is all due to rivalry in the direction of consciences. The Jansenists found us in possession of the confessional, and wished to drive us out. To do so they adopted a plan of action diametrically opposite to ours. We use gentleness and indulgence, they affect austerity and rigor. We soothe souls by pointing out God's mercy, they startle them by dwelling on his justice. They apply fear while we use hope, and try to subdue where we try to attract. We both of us wish to save souls, but each wishes to have the credit of the process; and, to be plain with you, the interests of the director generally take the precedence of the salvation of the penitent. I am speaking to you in a way very different from that in which I spoke to the marshal. With him I was simply the Jesuit, with you I use the openness of a soldier."

I complimented him very much on the changed sentiments with which his new profession had inspired him, and he appeared to like the compliment. I might have gone on longer, but as night approached we had to part, the father apparently as much pleased with me as I was amused at him.

I am much mistaken if the modernness of this does not strike most readers in a work which dates from 1656. Of the same year, and almost more surprising, is the following charming argument on the question, "Whether a Catholic or a Protestant makes the best wife?" :—

You tell me that you are in love with a girl who is a Protestant, and that, were it not for the difference of religion, you think you could make up your mind to marry her. If you are so minded that you cannot bear the idea of being separated from your wife in the next world, I should advise you to marry a Catholic. But if I were a marrying man, I think I should prefer a lady of a religion different to mine. I should be afraid that a Catholic, being sure of her husband's society in the next life, might, perhaps, take a fancy to the society of a lover in this. I have an idea, too, which is not a common one, but in the truth of which I am disposed to believe. It is that the reformed religion is as favorable to husbands as the Catholic faith is advantageous to lovers. The Christian liberty of which Protestants boast tends to form a certain spirit of resistance, which helps women to defend themselves from the insidious approaches of a gallant. On the other hand, the submission which Catholicity demands predisposes them to allow themselves to be conquered. And, indeed, a soul which can resign itself under persuasion to what is unpleasant ought not to make much difficulty in yielding to what is delightful. The reformed religion seeks only to establish regularity of conduct, and regularity easily becomes virtue. Catholicism makes women much more devout, and devotion easily becomes love. The one, again, teaches only abstinence from what is forbidden. The other, which admits the virtue of good works, allows its votaries to commit some trifling acts from which they are told to abstain, at the price of doing a good deal of good which they are not strictly enjoined to perform. Protestant chapels, moreover, are a great safeguard to husbands, while Catholic churches are the reverse. There are objects in our sacred buildings which only too often inspire amorous sentiments. In a picture of the Magdalen, old ladies may take her repentance as expressing the austerity of her life; young ones will take it for a trance of swooning passion; and while the former may think chiefly of the saint, the latter are likely to find considerable matter for meditation in the history of the sinner. . . .

"I shall be safe then," you will say, "if I marry a Protestant." I shall answer in the words of the excellent Father Hippothadée to Panurge, "Yes, if it please God." A wise man leaves this matter to Providence, expecting from it safety, and from himself, in any case, equanimity.

For a third and still shorter example we may take the portrait of the Duke de Candale. It will, I think, bear comparison even with the best of such things, of which it is hardly necessary to say the century produced, both in France and England, masterpieces that have never been surpassed or equalled :—

As M. de Candale made a sufficient figure

in the world to leave behind some curiosity as to his character, it may not be amiss to give a regular description of it. I have known few people who had so many discordant characteristics. But he had one great advantage in his intercourse with other men. Nature had prominently exposed all his amiable traits, and had hidden those which might have proved repulsive in the recesses of his heart. I never saw a mien more impressive than his. All his personal characteristics were amiable, and he made the most of parts which were of no extraordinary merit, so as to be an agreeable companion. A slight acquaintance produced a liking for him. A thorough intimacy could not be long kept up without exciting disgust, since he was little careful to preserve your friendship, and very capricious in the display of his own.

As he was thus careless of his friends, men of sense effected their retreat from his society without making any outcry, and reduced the connection to mere acquaintanceship: but sentimental persons would often complain of him as of a faithless mistress, from whom they could not tear themselves. Thus his personal charms kept him up in spite of his defects, and found a lingering tenderness even in justly irritated souls. For his own part, he lived with his friends as ladies are wont to do with their lovers. Whatever service you might have done him, he ceased to like you when you ceased to please, being easily sated with a long-standing intimacy, and as fully alive to the charms of a new friendship as are the other sex to the exquisite tenderness of a dawning passion. For all this he would let his old ties stand without attempting to break them; and he would have been a little annoyed at a violent rupture on your part, such a thing having a sort of roughness about it which did not suit his temper. Besides, he did not like to exclude the possibility of a *redintegratio amoris*, should you once more render yourself agreeable or useful to him. As he was a lover of pleasure and a man of business, keenly alive to his own interest, he came back to you for any amusement you could offer him, and would even seek you if you could do him a service. He was at once avaricious and prodigal; fond of the show which could be made by expense, but grudging the expense which was necessary for show. He was vain, yet not unaccommodating; selfish, yet not treacherous; qualities which found themselves strangely assorted in the same person. It would have been very disagreeable to him to deceive you, and when his interest (which was the usual guide of his actions) made him break his word, he was ashamed of having broken it, and dissatisfied with himself until you had forgotten his offence. Then his affection for you rekindled, and he felt a secret obligation to you for having set him at ease with himself. Unless it was his interest to do so he rarely disobliged you, but you received as little good from his friendship as harm from his enmity; and between friends it is, perhaps, a subject

of complaint to be obliged only for the evil which has not been done.

There are some points in this to which, I think, Swift was not unindebted in the most famous specimen of this kind of literature which we have in English—the character of Wharton. But it still more closely resembles in germ a weighty and most melancholy remark of Hobbes, for whom, as was natural, Saint-Evremond had a great admiration. “For the most part,” says the sage of Malmesbury, in words which ought to be written in letters of iron over the door of any temple of friendship or of love, “they have much better fortune in love whose hopes are built upon something in their person than those that trust to their expressions and service; and they that care less than they that care more; which not perceiving, many men cast away their services as one arrow after another, till in the end, together with their hopes, they lose their wits.” If we may trust Saint-Evremond, the Duke de Candale’s friends, of whom the satirist himself was one, must have had occasion to meditate upon this.

One more extract of a very different kind will show the practical side of Saint-Evremond’s epicureanism. He had, before his exile, a great reputation both as *gourmand* and *gourmet*, and belonged to a sort of informal society called “*Les Côteaux*,” from their curious judgment in vintages. His friend (and the husband of a still greater friend) the Count d’Olonne, had fallen into one of those disgraces which were so frequent at the French court, and had had to retire to his estates. Saint-Evremond, an experienced exile, writes him a consolation. He begins by recommending books, especially Lucian, Petronius (for whom he had a somewhat disproportionate but easily explicable admiration), and “Don Quixote,” and then he passes to the root of the matter. It is only fair to premise, as a reminder, that Don Perignon had not yet made the wines of Champagne effervesce, and that the heresy (a most undoubted heresy) as to Burgundy was afterwards recanted:—

Adjust, as far as you can, your tastes to your health. It is a great secret to know how to marry the agreeable to the necessary in a matter where they are generally opposed. To attain this great secret, however, nothing is necessary but temperance and nicety. And what trouble ought one to grudge in order to learn how to eat delightfully at meals—a thing which keeps body and mind in good order for all our other hours? A man may be temperate without being nice, but he cannot

be nice without being temperate. Happy he who has both qualifications, for then his diet and his desires agree.

Spare no trouble to provide yourself with champagne, were you two hundred leagues from Paris. Burgundy has lost all its credit with people of taste, and even the dealers only succeed in keeping up a remnant of its old reputation. No province gives us such excellent wines for all seasons as Champagne, which supplies Ay, Avenay, and Haut Villiers till spring, and Tassy, Sillery, and Verzenay for the rest of the year. If you ask me which I like best of all wines, without attending to fashion, I shall tell you that Ay is the most natural of all—the wholesomest, the most free from earthy taste, the most delicate, in virtue of its peculiar peach flavor, and to my fancy the first of wines. Leo X., Charles V., François I., and Henry VIII., used each to keep a house at or near Ay, in order to make up their stocks of it more carefully, and amid all the weighty affairs which these great princes had to supply themselves with, Ay was not the least of their cares.

Do not be curious in out-of-the-way meats, but prefer those which are easily procured. A very simple broth, neither too much nor too little done, should form the basis of every meal, as well for the cleanness of its taste as for its supporting qualities. Tender, juicy mutton, well-fed veal, white and delicate poultry, which has been fed but not crammed, fresh-caught quails, pheasants, partridges, rabbits, each with its proper flavor, are the meats which, season by season, should furnish your table. The moor-hen is excellent and to be well spoken of, but too rare where you are and where I am to be recommended. If an indispensable necessity makes you dine with some of your neighbors who have escaped the conscription by money or good luck, compliment them on their hares, their venison, and their wild boar, but be careful not to touch either, and let the same rule guide you as to ducks, and, I had almost said, teal. Of all brown meats let the snipe alone be saved by its flavor, though at some small cost to health.

Regard all cook's mixtures, such as *ragoûts* and *hors d'œuvres*, as a variety of poison. If you eat a little of them, they will do you only a little harm; if you eat much, the pepper, the vinegar, and the onions will surely spoil your taste, and in the end affect your health. Simple condiments which you apply yourself can do no harm. Salt and orange-juice are the best and most natural seasoning. Mixed herbs are more wholesome and better flavored than spices, but they are not universally applicable. They must be employed with discernment, and so adjusted that they bring out the proper taste of the food without making their own flavor evident.

These practical and minute instructions, which perhaps contain as sound a theory of cookery as has ever been put on paper, are completed by some equally practical

hints on "the rule of not too much," by some remarks on *ce qui regarde l'amour*, and even by some counsels on religious matters, so that M. d'Olonne had the whole duty of man put before him in a letter of some half-score pages. Perhaps parts of this letter might seem undignified to transcendental persons; but one may venture a guess that Saint-Evremond's attention to these matters probably had not a little to do with his ninety-three years.

In making these extracts I have thought it well to show chiefly the lighter side of Saint-Evremond's style and talents. But for this there are some other pieces which would perhaps have given a higher if not a truer idea of him. Such are, for instance, his admirable "Thoughts on French Tragedies," a piece of criticism which for a contemporary of Boileau is altogether astonishing in the justness of its sentiments and principles. The same may be said of his strictures on the French historians of his time, and of his observations on Italian opera, which contain the substance, and are probably the source, of all that Addison and Chesterfield—the latter our English Saint-Evremond—with many others since their time, have said about that singular growth. I do not hesitate to place these three pieces of criticism above anything of the kind which was written before the middle of the eighteenth century; while the views which they express hardly obtained general currency till the beginning of the nineteenth. Saint-Evremond is the best exponent of *gôût* that I know. His fastidious liking for delicacy and refinement might have been thought to predispose him towards an unhesitating adoption of the extreme academic system of French criticism, with its rigid adherence to rule, its *doucereuse* tragedy, and its comedy formed on a plan for which even Molière was too lawless and farcical. Yet the native literary sense of the man, and his early associations with writers of the vigorous stamp of Théophile and Saint-Amand, kept him clear of these errors. His admiration of Corneille is as hearty, and at the same time as discerning, as admiration can well be, and towards Molière, though he is less enthusiastic, he is equally clear-sighted. But it is obvious that, while admitting his great merits, he could not like Racine. He had a great admiration for Ben Jonson, which, however, he probably took at second hand from Waller, for his knowledge of English does not seem to have been quite equal to the appreciation of such intensely idiomatic work as "Bar-

tholomew Fair" and "The Silent Woman."

In his judgments of ancient literature he is, like most men of his century, better worth listening to on Latin authors than on Greek. He has in especial some uncomplimentary remarks on Lucian, which are rather incomprehensible. But his comments on Virgil are not to be slighted, though they will scarcely satisfy the most ardent admirers of the Mantuan. Saint-Evremond, like other people since his time, evidently had some difficulty in refraining from looking at Virgil as at an Augustan *douceur*. I may conclude these observations on his literary studies by noticing a very curious piece of verbal criticism on the word *vaste*. Saint-Evremond, whose taste in language was unerring, very properly objected to the use of this term as a mere synonym for "great," and pointed out that its connotation includes the idea of desolation, wildness, or sterility, thus making the phrase *esprit vaste* by no means an unmixed compliment. His friend the abbé and historian, Saint Real, submitted this point to the Academy, and received from that courtly body, as might have been expected, an opinion adverse to that of the man on whom the sun of Marly was not shining. The dissertation in question is a half-satirical, half-serious rejoinder. It contains some very acute literary argument, followed by a historical survey of the persons to whom the term *esprit vaste* might be applied. Finally, there comes (at least in the first draft, for Saint-Evremond cancelled it later) the following characteristic attack:—

"Come, gentlemen, would you yourselves have labored for some forty years upon the exclusion of some dozen words from our language, were it not for the just aversion you have conceived to the *esprit vaste*? Your best-famed members have grown old on the strength of translations, judiciously making it their business to submit their judgment to that of others. Could anything be more opposed to the *esprit vaste*? Would you give vent to your genius in its full force, you might have produced historians worthy of the greatness of our State. But, gentlemen, you content yourselves with publishing some neatly turned story or some polished *nouvelle*. You evidently take all possible precautions against the danger of the *vaste*. Some of you dutifully imitate Horace; others are good enough to give us Greek and Roman works, done to suit the modern taste; no one gives the reins to his fancy. No doubt this is from fear of the *vaste*, wherein the just precision of your rules might run a risk of being neglected.

"I am not, therefore, disturbed, gentlemen, at the judgment you have delivered. Your writings contradict your words, and your

works, everlasting protests against the *vaste*, quash your decision. In fact, all that you do is so admirably characteristic of *l'esprit borné* that no man of sense can think you sincere in your approval of *l'esprit vaste*."

This passage, which concluded with a still more unkind though perfectly just hit at Racine and Boileau by name, Saint-Evremond changed into the following, which expresses more politely but perhaps even more pointedly its essence:—

Si je ne me suis pas soumis au jugement que vous avez donné, c'est que j'ai trouvé dans vos écrits une censure du *vaste* beaucoup plus fort que celle qu'on verra dans ce discours. En effet, messieurs, vous avez donné des bornes si justes à vos esprits, que vous semblez condamner vous-mêmes le mot que vous défendez.

Great as was Saint-Evremond's reputation as a critic, his social and philosophical reputation was perhaps greater. Much of his written work is intimately connected with his attitude towards society. The earliest of all, or almost the earliest, consists of some maxims of the selfish-moralist kind, treated with less conciseness and literary brilliancy than those of La Rochefoucauld, but not altogether dissimilar in sentiment. The portrait of the Duke de Candale which I have given, and some other writings of his middle life, have also a certain tinge of unamiable hardness. But after his exile his tone is generally softer. His love-letters, of which we have a fair selection, are very perfect of their kind. Those to the chief divinity of his manhood, the beautiful and hare-brained Countess d'Olonne, have a tone of bitterness about them which is sometimes almost Catullian. The correspondence with Ninon de Lenclos is mostly of a date when both the modern Epicurus and the modern Leontium (the latter name is his own) were far advanced in years. But that with Hortense Mancini is a model in its kind, and is perhaps the only instance of an old man making love on paper to a young woman, without at the same time making himself ridiculous. The "*Portrait de Madame Mazarin*" is altogether rapturous, though in nothing of Saint-Evremond's is his observance of due measure more evident. The letters show him alternately coaxing and scolding the duchess out of her numerous intended follies, looking after the parrot "Pretty" and the cat "Poussy" (which, on Mr. Lewis Carroll's principles, may be a compound of pussy and *poussif*, the latter not a bad name for a spoilt tabby), arranging excursions, or—

ganizing dinners, and so forth. For a septuagenarian not to be fatuous under such circumstances is surely hard enough. But Saint-Evremond is never fatuous, and the rare occasions on which he is tempted to murmur "*Si vieillesse pouvait*" save him from the charge of frivolity, without bringing upon him any counter-charge of unmanly melancholy. He was commonly called by his friends, especially Créqui and Grammont, *le Philosophe*, and the appellation may suggest to any modern Plutarch of literature a pleasant parallel between the two men to whom in two following centuries it served as sobriquet. Our present subject had perhaps hardly as much right to the title as Diderot, yet it was not a misnomer in his case, nor was its application limited to the special sense which, as the "*Conversation du Père Canaye*" will have shown, *philosophe* had already acquired. His professedly serious work beyond the domain of literary judgment is not large. But what there is of it, historic or moralizing, is so deeply tinged with a definite and practical system of life-philosophy that the dye cannot escape notice. A sentence in one of his earliest writings strikes the key-note of this philosophy, which he professed to have learned from Gassendi, but in reality seems to have formed pretty much for himself. "Fame, riches, love, and pleasure, well understood and well managed, are of great assistance in mitigating the rigor of nature and softening the miseries incidental to life. Thus wisdom has been given to us chiefly for the government of our pleasures." To this principle he was faithful throughout his life, and the application of it threw a moralizing, some would say a demoralizing, cast over the attitude with which he regarded things in general. This indeed was common enough in the seventeenth century, and if men were then as likely to act merely on impulse as they are now, there was a much greater tendency to endeavor to reduce actions to some common principle. In no one was this tendency more marked than in Saint-Evremond. His own principle may have been a narrow or an erroneous one. But he carried it out persistently with regard to his own affairs and was anxious that his friends should apply it to theirs. His philosophy was not unlike that of a bird which makes its nest of all materials that can be laid hold of and made to serve. He never gave himself trouble about anything not likely to conduce to the living of a tolerably pleasant and honorable life; and he carefully avoided the

doing of anything which might prove unpleasant or dishonorable. This perpetual study of probabilities and consequences conferred upon him, in many ways, an extraordinary long-sightedness, and there are probably few writers in whose practical judgments, if we put arbitrary prejudices aside, more wisdom is to be found. It is no wonder, therefore, that he should have hit the taste of a time which before all things preferred philosophizing of a more or less practical kind, and which in Hobbes, Descartes, Malebranche, Locke, Spinoza, and Leibnitz produced a group of philosophic writers such as has never been at any time surpassed. Nor must it be forgotten that the form of St. Evremond's writings, little as it has conduced to their ultimate fame, was singularly calculated to give them vogue. Their great literary excellence, at a time when literary excellence was first beginning to be recognized, and their adoption of the fashionable forms of the time, could not fail of this result, while on the other hand both fairly entitle their author to an important place in the history of literature. In two things at least Saint-Evremond had no superior in his day, and he may be thought even to have had some claim to originality in both. The first was the application to serious and practical subjects of the ironic method; the second was the use of this method in fashioning light essays conveying important conclusions. In the first he serves as a link between Pascal and Voltaire; in the latter as a link of perhaps still more importance between Montaigne and Addison.

Saint-Evremond's portrait drawn by himself may not improperly help to conclude this paper. It is flattering, but hardly flattered, if we may judge both from the work he has left and from the testimony of others:—

He is a philosopher who keeps aloof alike from superstition and from impiety; an epicurean, whose distaste for debauchery is as strong as his appetite for pleasure; a man who has never known want, but at the same time has never enjoyed affluence. He lives in a manner which is despised by those who have everything, envied by those who have nothing, appreciated by those who make their happiness and their reason agree. In his youth he hated waste, being persuaded that property was necessary to make a long life comfortable. In his age he cares not for economy, feeling that want is little to be feared when one has but a little time left to want in. He is grateful for the gifts of nature, and finds no fault with those of fortune; he hates crime, endures error, and pities

misfortune. He does not try to find out the bad points of men in order to decry them, but he looks for their foibles in order to give himself amusement; is secretly rejoiced at the knowledge of these foibles, and would be still more pleased to make them known to others, did not his discretion forbid. Life is to his mind too short to read all sorts of books, and to load one's memory with all sorts of things at the risk of one's judgment. He devotes himself not to the most learned writings, so as to acquire knowledge, but to the most sensible, so as to strengthen his understanding. At one time he seeks the most elegant to refine his taste, at another the most amusing to refresh his spirits. As for friendship, he has more constancy than might be expected from a philosopher, and more heartiness than could be looked for even in a younger and less experienced man. As for religion, he thinks justice, charity, and trust in the goodness of God of more importance than sorrow for past offences.

In this and other utterances of Saint-Evremond's we have the whole philosophy of the "Essay on Man," and much of that contained in other writings as dissimilar to one another as those of Temple and Addison, Shaftesbury and Steele. Nor is this at all surprising, for in England the influence which Saint-Evremond exerted was far from being merely a social influence. In passage after passage of the great Queen Anne writers, his teaching and style are discernible. "The Conduct of the Allies" shows in point of style and flavor distinct reminiscences of the "*Lettre sur la Paix des Pyrénées*." His characters and portraits foreshadow more clearly than any contemporary writings the great essayists of the decade immediately succeeding his death; and his philosophy, religious and practical, was the direct and immediate ancestor of the religious and practical philosophy of Bolingbroke and Chesterfield.

It will hardly do, no doubt, to judge him from the point of view of a strict or ascetic morality. His *epistola dehortatoria* to Louise de Querouaille, imploring her to pause before rejecting the advances of Charles II., and thereby subjecting herself to the chances of a lifetime of futile regret, is one of the oddest topsyturvifications of noble sentiment to be anywhere found. It might be bound up as a companion to "The Court of Love," to Carw's "Rapture," and to the famous passage in "*Aucassin et Nicolette*." But Ninon's friend and Gassendi's disciple could hardly be expected to be a votary of the cult of sorrow and self-denial. As a

man, Saint-Evremond's chief claim to respect is, that he fully appreciated and obeyed the maxim in which M. Leconte de Lisle has embodied the philosophy of life:—

Le faible souffre et pleure, et l'insensé s'irrite,
Mais le plus sage en rit, sachant qu'il doit mourir.

If Saint-Evremond had no great troubles to undergo, he had troubles which to many men of his time appeared crushing enough. He was never rich, he made no great figure in the world, and he fell under that displeasure of kings which, for the second time in history, seems to have had the singular faculty of crushing and paralyzing the spirit even of men of no small merit and powers. As an exile from France and an outcast from the sunbeams of Louis' favor, Saint-Evremond permitted himself no abject entreaties or base compliances. He remained like Rotrou's saintly hero, "*debout et dans son rang*." But as a figure in literary history he is of greater importance. He produced no work of magnitude, and even of his numerous small achievements only a few letters and essays possess intrinsic merit of a very high class; but he had the great merit of being original. In him we hear the first note of the tones which were to dominate French literature for a hundred and fifty years. He displays a combination of solid sense and cultivated taste with refined badinage and a certain independence of thought which is hardly to be met in French before him, and which, if often missed since, has at any rate been constantly aimed at. Voltaire was undoubtedly his scholar, and all the lesser lights of the eighteenth century have to acknowledge the same obligation at first or second hand. There were doubtless many things that he could not and did not do, but with these, according to the view which I venture to take of literary criticism, it is not necessary to concern ourselves. It is sufficient that what he did do is remarkable, that imitation of it has produced a large amount of literary work of high excellence, and that it stands in definite and sufficient contrast of style and manner to the work of other literary persons and periods. The list of writers of whose work as much may be said is far from being extensive, and in that list Saint-Evremond undoubtedly deserves a place of more distinction than has usually been accorded to him.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

From The Argosy.

GERTRUDE.

"I NEVER see her, madam, without thinking of me first cousin, Sir Phelim O'Dowleston, of Castle Dowleroan, county Antrim. I daresay you have heard of him. Faith, he was a fine old fellow, Sir Phelim; and it was at his house I met her. She's a pretty woman now; but she has altered a power since then—grown paler and quieter than she was in those days, when she and Darrel Barnegat used to make the rooms ring with their fun and laughing."

"She and who?" suddenly demanded Mrs. Colonel Power, with very unmajestic sharpness. She had not been condescending to listen to Major Ogilvie at all. She rarely deigned to notice him at any time, in fact; but his last words roused her.

"Darrel Barnegat," answered the major. "Barnegat, of King's Eagle; and it's a queer thing to me that it isn't Barnegat, of King's Eagle, who is here with her to-day, instead of that fire-eating Cuban."

"Oh!" ejaculated Mrs. Colonel Power. "So she was engaged to him?"

"Me cousin, Sir Phelim," the little old major was beginning, when his eye caught the expression of Mrs. Power's countenance: or—to give her the full name that she insisted on being called, and that appeared on her cards—Mrs. Colonel Power. This expression checked him. The sharp face of that estimable but rigid widow was turned towards the unsuspecting object of discussion, and the black fan in the black-gloved hands was waving slowly but ominously.

The major stopped at once. It suddenly dawned upon his mind that he had made a trifling blunder. He knew Mrs. Colonel Power and her sharp tongue of old; and, it may be added, was not one of her most fervent admirers.

"It's mischief she means," was his inward comment; "and it's mischief against that pretty, inoffensive Mrs. Yorke. She has never forgiven her for cutting-out Cordelia, the stiff-necked old hypocrite in petticoats!"

The ominous waving of the black fan went on more swiftly. "You were saying, I think, Major Ogilvie, that Mrs. Yorke was formerly engaged to a friend of your cousin, Sir Phelim," continued Mrs. Colonel Power.

"On me sowl, there's Jernegan!" exclaimed the major, enthusiastically. "Jernegan, of Turf-top. When did he come? I must speak to him. You'll excuse me, madam." And, before Mrs. Colonel Pow-

er had time to give two waves to her fan, she found herself alone.

It was rather exasperating to be so bereft of a choice bit of scandal, which might have been used hereafter to an advantage against that woman, her pet animosity, pretty, retiring, well-behaved Mrs. Yorke. Nothing on earth would have so pleased the august relict of Colonel Power, as to find something to cavil at, to condemn, even to *shun* in poor Gertrude Yorke. As Major Ogilvie said, Mrs. Power had never forgiven her for her triumph over Cordelia.

Cordelia Power, the eldest of three daughters, had inherited all her mother's graces of mind and person; and rumor said, that if Cordelia was not Mrs. Manuel Yorke, it was not Cordelia's fault; and the fact was by no means to be attributed to a lack of industry on the part of that resplendent, but somewhat raw-boned maiden.

Some years ago, Manuel Yorke, a wealthy planter in Cuba, had passed a season in London; had been intimate with the late Colonel Power. Mrs. Power, a manoeuvring mother, had tried to secure him for Cordelia; but he did not bite. Now again they had met here at Carlsbad; Mr. Yorke had a pretty, gentle wife, and Cordelia was Cordelia yet.

This was why Mrs. Power was so stony in her carriage toward, so cordially detested, the pretty Gertrude; she made the young wife her special detestation among the summer flock of idlers and invalids, considering it her special mission to crush her into humility, with much frosty courtesy, and majestic waving of the stiff-jointed, but marvellously genteel, mourning fan.

The hotel rooms were rather full this evening. There were several new arrivals; but Gertrude Yorke had taken her place apart from the rest, as she often did. Just now, as she sat talking to her little boy, she looked so singularly youthful, that it seemed almost impossible to believe that she was the child's mother. That she was an American, one could see at the first glance; her delicate face, girlish figure, and black-lashed, agate-grey eyes, were the attributes of no other type; but she left the country years ago—when she was only fourteen. An aunt, moving in good society, and a woman fond of gaiety, adopted her. In due time she had married Manuel Yorke. Since then she and her husband had wandered from place to place, until the present summer, when, her health failing somewhat, they had lingered at Carlsbad.

Notwithstanding the quietness of Mrs. Yorke's life, and her retiring, gentle manners, she was made the subject of a great deal of comment. People, who found it their duty to be curious in such matters, were a trifle puzzled as to the state of her feelings towards her husband. You cannot need to be reminded what the gossip of such places is. Mr. Yorke was fond of his wife, too fond: he was jealous, nervous, and excitable; his fiery Cuban blood asserting itself strongly in the smallest traits of his character. Nothing was more probable, said the dinner-table, than that the girl was afraid of him; and nothing so probable, said the ladies' drawing-room, as that the girl had given him cause for jealousy, and thence arose the occasional shade of sadness that touched her delicate young face. Accordingly, the best-natured pitied her a little, and there were very few who did not agree in admiring her youthful beauty, and her tender care for the welfare of her child. Among the best-natured, the little old Irish major ranked first. He was persistently gallant, and persistently admiring; he was continually "on duty" in her behalf, warding off gossip and interference; and, in time, the girl grew grateful, and fond of him. She listened to his stories of Sir Phelim, of Castle Dowleroon, joined in his Dublin reminiscences, and encouraged her little boy's childish confidence in him; and, what delighted the major more than all else, she always relied upon him for advice and assistance if her husband chanced to be absent. So the major was not at all surprised this evening, during his conference with Jernegan, a few minutes after he left Mrs. Colonel Power, to hear the sweet voice speaking to him at his elbow.

"Major, if you please——"

Or, rather, it may be said, that he would not have been at all surprised, if, on this occasion, there had not been a strange alteration in the voice—a strange, wild tremor, as if the speaker had been terrified.

He turned round in an instant; and, turning, was stricken at once with anxious astonishment. Gertrude Yorke was slipping from the divan, upon which she had been seated behind the major, and before he or any one else could catch her, she lay on the floor in a dead faint.

A sudden, hurried movement around; and then some gentleman pushed fiercely past Major Ogilvie, raised the lady up, and placed her on the sofa cushions. At sight of him the major started in astonishment, and his countenance changed as he gave vent to an exclamation.

"Barnegat, by the sowl of me lady!" For, in moments of excitement, the major's tongue was apt to be conspicuous.

Mrs. Yorke was assisted to her room, and left to the care of the feminine body-guard, who made a general rush to the scene of action, ready to bustle, and sympathize, and assist, and prescribe after true female fashion.

Major Ogilvie held aloof. In fact, he was not required at all just now. He seemed to be in a bewildered mood. He was grave and silent, and, when he wandered outside to enjoy the cool night air on the terrace, his manner was so changed, that one might have fancied him under the influence of an unexpected shock.

Leaning against one of the terrace pillars, smoking a cigar, stood the man who had raised Mrs. Yorke. A tall man, with a pale, refined face. Major Ogilvie held out his hand, and spoke; some latent excitement or anxiety showing itself in his tone.

"By the powers, Barnegat!" he said, "this is a bad move."

Barnegat—a handsome fellow, I repeat—this Barnegat, long, and shapely-limbed; Barnegat stirred uneasily, and seemed to find it necessary to give himself time in which to recover his self-control.

"I did not know she was here," he said, at length, speaking huskily.

The major shook his head.

"A bad move," he repeated, "if I am not mistaken."

"How mistaken?" demanded Mr. Barnegat, fiercely. "What the deuce do you mean?"

The major cast a cautious glance around him, and then laid a finger upon the other's folded arms.

"Am I mistaken in thinking it isn't quite over?" he asked, in a low voice; "the old boy-and-girl love scrape."

Barnegat laughed. "What a sentimental old woman you are, Ogilvie!"

"I know what's what," nodded the simple-minded, good-hearted major; "and I know what she and you felt for one another. Have you forgotten it, and has she, or do you both remember it too well? It looks like it, me boy; this fainting the minute she claps eyes on you. Be open and above-board with me, Barnegat: let me have the naked truth; for I make myself a sort of guardian to the girl while her husband's away; she is too pretty and young to be left to fight her own battles."

Barnegat's cigar went whizzing out into the long grass, sent there by a desperate fling.

The man's eyes were filled with wretched fire, and he broke into a little groan, checked in its birth.

"It's not over with me," he said; "it never will be over. I can say nothing about that, as to her. I don't understand women who can play fast and loose with an honest man's love. Women! I should say girls. What was she but a girl, a child of seventeen, when she led me on with her pretty whims at Dowleroon? What did she throw me off for? What had I done to deserve it?—to be jilted? Tell me that, Ogilvie."

But the major, knowing nothing, could not tell it.

"When I thought she was loving me with all her heart, I heard of her marriage," went on Barnegat, a pitiful touch of appeal in his changed tone. "And—I would like to ask what her husband has been doing to alter her so? Where have her pretty, bright, childish ways gone? I was watching her for an hour to-night, before I showed myself. She is as pale as a white rose, Ogilvie, and there's a look in her eye that would never have been there if she had been my wife."

The little major's hand was again laid upon his stalwart shoulder, with a touch as gentle as a woman's.

"Hush!" he said, kindly. "This won't do, me boy. It isn't safe. Sure, I scarcely know what to say to ye: and I know nothing of the past. Mr. Yorke made her acquaintance after you went away—and they were married not so long after."

No response.

"I'm thinking, Barnegat, that you had better, maybe, leave here before her husband comes back. He went to Berlin a week or so ago."

"The devil take her husband!" broke out Barnegat, stung with wrath and jealousy. "I tell you I shall stay, now I have come. Is Carlsbad not as free for me as for him? You are getting into your dotage, major."

"If you would but listen to reason——"

"She shall tell me why she jilted me," broke in Barnegat. "She must have had a reason; women scarcely do such things without one. When our regiment was ordered away, and I went to bid her good-bye, she clung to me, and cried like a tender-hearted child on my arm. The next thing I heard was, that she was gone somewhere with that meddling old aunt of hers; gone without leaving me a word; and here she is to-day, another man's wife, and the mother of another man's child; and the minute she sees me she faints

dead at my feet. What does it all mean, I say?" his voice ringing out passionately. "I don't know."

The major knew not what to say. He himself had always believed that some mystery must attach to the past; and he knew that it was worse than useless to contend against Darrel Barnegat in such a mood. He knew him of old; generous, impulsive, and truly Irish in his high spirit and lightness of heart; but there had never yet been a Barnegat who was not a whirlwind when driven to desperation. In his good-natured anxiety for his favorite, the poor little major felt terribly nervous. Perhaps, odd though it may seem, his nervousness arose quite as much from an inward fear of Mrs. Power, as from weightier causes. Suppose this unreasonable, excitable Barnegat raised a commotion, and caused a scandal! What would not that mischief-making colonel's widow make of it!

"For heaven's sake, me boy," he said, "listen to reason. Think of the poor girl, an' think of the tabbies watching her. Did ye see the ould cormorant, with the black fan? If ye didn't, just look out for her. She will be on the watch for *you*; mark that."

Mr. Barnegat made no reply. Turning away, he went forth into the dusky night.

On the following morning as Major Ogilvie was drinking his dose of the waters with the rest, he felt a light touch upon his arm, and, turning round, found the girl's pretty, pale face, quite close to his shoulder.

"Good morning," she said, in a voice so pathetically sweet, that it thrilled him to the heart. "Please to fill my glass for me, major."

She thanked him when he handed it to her, and, as she took it, he noticed that the shadow in her sad young eyes was deeper than ever, and that under the black lashes lay faint rings of purple.

"I am glad that you are well enough to be out," he ventured to say.

"Thank you," she answered. "I am much better. The rooms must have been too warm, or—or I was not as well as usual, major," slightly hesitating. "Please do not alarm Mr. Yorke about it when he returns."

"Of course not," said the major, bending down to fill his glass again, and trying to speak with good-natured indifference. "Where would be the use of the frightening a man's senses out of him for a bit of a faint?" But, thought the major to him-

self, other tongues will be busy, though mine is still.

Mrs. Yorke said nothing more, and the major refilled his glass.

While he drank the contents, she stood near the railing, looking away dreamily; but, when he had finished, she spoke to him again.

"May I walk back to the house with you?" she said; and then, all at once, the eyes she had uplifted to his faltered, and filled with a pleading, desperate light. It seemed as if she knew he had read her heart; that it was of no use dissembling.

He put her arm within his in a fatherly way, as he would that of his own child, and they walked away; she holding to him with a curious strength in her slight, clinging hand.

Out yonder, beyond the hearing of the drinking crowd, was a line of linden-trees, with rustic seats beneath their shade; and, feeling that she was trembling, he led her to one of these benches, and made her sit down. He stood before her then, to shield her from observation, her pallor was so great, and the shrinking terror and grief in her large eyes so strong. Some movements that he made seemed to startle her. She misunderstood it. Stretching out her unsteady hands to him with the imploring gesture of a frightened child, he saw that she was in tears.

"Oh, major," she cried out, "please stay with me!—don't leave me! Stay with me as much as you can, until—until Mr. Yorke comes."

"Indeed, and isn't me best pleasure to be with ye, me dear," he returned, in a kind but light accent, as if he did not see her emotion, or know anything of the cause of her trouble. "And I wish the rooms were not so hot of an evening; I've been inconvenienced meself by it."

There was a great deal of tact about this rusty little major, despite his slight brogue, and his genuine Irish pride in his titled relations. Mystified though he was, he would no more have asked her to explain the matter to him, than he would have struck her a blow. He believed that she and Mr. Barnegat, who was then a lieutenant, had deeply loved one another in the old days, and why she should have married another, and why she should be so sad, he knew not. Giving her his arm again, they promenaded in the quieter walks, until the soft morning air had swept away the traces of her tears, even if it could not bring the color to her cheeks.

Returning indoors, they encountered Mrs. Power coming forth: who professed

much astonishment, and expressed it in her frosty manner. Was it possible that Mrs. Yorke had so far recovered as to be able to walk out? She had observed that she left the hotel alone! Was it not somewhat indiscreet to venture out unattended, after so severe an indisposition? She had imagined Mrs. Yorke's swoon had arisen from some serious cause. A number of guests were inquiring as to the state of her health; among the rest, a late arrival, a Mr. Barnegat. In fact, the gentleman who had been near her when she fainted, and who had been the first to assist her.

Mrs. Yorke parried the concern in her gentle way, and escaped as soon as she could. What with it all, Mrs. Yorke would probably have kept her room, but that that would have excited even more comment, so she was seen about, here and there, as usual.

It cost the major a great deal of diplomatic effort to keep off an encounter between her and Darrel Barnegat that morning; but somehow or other, by indefatigable industry, he managed to succeed. Not so in the afternoon. The enemy was too much for him then. Seeing the two alone for a moment, Barnegat strode across the room deliberately, and with evident purpose.

The major was as good as nobody then. Mrs. Yorke half rose from her chair, white as death.

"Do not be afraid of me, Gertrude," said Mr. Barnegat, with bitter sadness. "I don't wish to harm you." And, flinging himself into a chair, he held out his hands to the little boy, who was clinging to his mother's dress.

"Won't you come to me?"

"Go to that gentleman, Eustace," said Mrs. Yorke, faintly, and the child obeyed her.

For a moment or so, Barnegat held him, looking down into his dark eyes with a working face.

"Your child is not like you," he said.

Gertrude turned her pallid face to the window, trembling. "He is like Mr. Yorke," she answered.

It seemed to the major that she was afraid of Barnegat; afraid to trust herself to look at him, or to speak to him. Why should she be?

It must have been her evident tremor which caused the silence. No one spoke; and the nervous shrinking in the girl's eyes was almost pitiable. The little major grew restless under it, and was actually glad when Barnegat broke the pause.

"I scarcely expected to see you down-

stairs to-day," he said. "I was afraid that your indisposition might be a serious matter."

"No, it was nothing," answered Mrs. Yorke quickly. "I often faint: I have not been strong for a year or two now." And the flutter of swift-changing red and white on her cheek attested to the truth of her words—that she was not strong.

Her very timidity held her farther aloof from Mr. Barnegat than any stern effort of will could have done. He could no more have spoken out his passion of wrath and pain upon her, as perhaps he had meant in his anger to do, than he could have forced it upon a panting, frightened child. She shrank away from his gaze, clinging to her child's hand, as to a safeguard. Four years ago she had been a bright, fearless, happy young creature, every hour of whose existence seemed warm with the sunshine of youth. Surely there was something wrong, some mysterious cause, to work so great a change in her.

As he held to his place before her, chafing with the inward sense of injustice done to him; tortured by the love that still filled every crevice of his heart, Darrel Barnegat felt that his strong determination to read the riddle was, for the present, thrown back upon him. He did not abandon it.

But it was not to be read to-day, or to-morrow: no, nor for many days to come. On the morrow, when he had again approached and was exchanging a few commonplace words with her, he saw a swift change pass over her face: and she turned towards the door, as if moved by some slow, magnetic influence. There was no lighting up of the eyes, no glow of brightness; nothing but a touch of timid anxiety in her expression; and yet the moment that Barnegat caught sight of the lithe, slender, dark-faced man who was crossing the threshold, he was stricken with a fierce, jealous pang, knowing him to be her husband, as if by intuition.

The new comer came forward to her with a quick step—a hurried, restless step, one might say. There was a restlessness in all his movements, in his eyes and in his thin, dark, eager face.

He barely gave Major Ogilvie a greeting gesture, he simply glanced at Barnegat; he kissed his child. All in a passing way, as it seemed, while he took possession of his wife. It was just as though he asserted his right of command to her before he spoke.

"Gertrude," he said in a quick tone, "they tell me you have been ill."

"Not ill," she answered. "I felt a little faint an evening or two ago; the room was very hot."

"But I say you have been ill. I see it in your face."

"Indeed no, Manuel."

"Do not say no," he cried, as he led her away. "It is not true, Gertrude. Come with me, my dear. Your eyes look as if you had shed tears. Why have you suffered? Tell me all."

The little major waited a minute, and then touched his friend on the shoulder. "Let us walk outside," he said, "and smoke a cigar." And Barnegat followed him mechanically.

Once in the open air, under the shade of the lindens, Barnegat's passionate misery burst its bonds. He strode to and fro on the walk like a jealous, raging tiger. He did not know who was to blame for the past, but he felt a passionate hatred of the man who, it seemed, had rivalled him. He could have dealt him his death-blow without a sting of conscience, though the whole of his after-life might have been filled with remorse for the deed.

"That is her lord and master, is it?" he said. "By my faith, he is a despot! What right has such a fellow to a tender creature like that?"

"Now be easy," cried the little major, soothingly. "You can't alter what *is*, Barnegat."

"She's afraid of him, I tell you! She's —"

And, with that, Barnegat broke down. Flinging himself on a bench, he buried his face in his hands with a groan.

"Think how I would have worshipped her! think how I would have watched her and cared for her delicate woman's fancies! I leave her for a week! Not for an hour. She's dying—be quiet, Ogilvie! It is my firm belief—and I now tell it you—that she is dying; dying by inches—as women like her do die sometimes."

The major was discreetly silent. The ghost of such a thought had more than once flitted across his own kindly little brain. He had seen times when the pretty favorite had seemed so fair and spiritual, that he had wondered if so much fairness and transparency was exactly the right sort of thing, lovely as it was. The beautiful eyes had looked large, and bright, and worn, as if the wine of life had been too strong for the delicate frame. His august relative, Sir Phelim, had once praised her as the brightest and merriest of his many light-hearted guests; now she was the quietest little woman in the hotel. But he did

not say this to Darrel Barnegat. He let him wear out his hopeless rage, without interfering with him, and then set on to calm and soothe him with no inconsiderable tact and delicacy.

"Don't let the world see it, me boy," he said. "You are cut up, Barnegat, but don't let the world see it—for her sake; for her sake. Think of the old cats here with all their eyes open; and that widow Power has got hers the widest. Poor little soul, she has enough to bear. Keep a bold heart for her sake, Barnegat."

And, in saying this, the major touched the right chord. Barnegat pulled himself together and began to grow reasonable.

When Gertrude Yorke met them again, she was on her husband's arm, and many a day passed before they caught even a glimpse of her alone. He was at least attentive, this husband. It seemed that he scarcely ever left her side. It was her he cared for, not the child. Her lightest change of expression never escaped him; her slightest movement, action, wish, was responded to. He loved her deeply; that was plain enough; but it might have been that his constant vigilance wearied her, for she was quieter and more frail-looking than ever. Her mute submissiveness to his will was fairly touching. She obeyed his very glance. He was lord and master.

And Mr. Barnegat faltered in his purpose—that of demanding of her an explanation of the mystery of the past. For one thing, he could get no opportunity. From the time of her husband's arrival, they exchanged no words with one another, nothing save the merest recognition of politeness. Even the major was thrown out of employment, and left to himself, though the girl had always a smile and a gentle word for him. The people who noticed her most, began to comment on the sadness and languor of her pretty, pale face; and at last, one evening, a burly German physician burst upon a group, who were thus commenting, with a single guttural sentence, which fell upon them like a thunderbolt:—

"Dot bretty woomans, mid her glear gomblexion?" he said. "Ach! Yes. She go into gonsumption." And he said it with the air of a man to whom it was no new idea, but a commonplace fact.

Barnegat was not one of the hearers of this, but the major was; and when, afterwards, Gertrude came into the room, leaning as usual upon her husband's arm, and looking, in her thin, cloudlike, white muslin, like a white flower, the major, regarding her attentively, felt his heart quicken

its beating, while a strange sense of discomfort flashed through it.

"Ye'll have to take good care of her, me man, if ye'd keep her by ye," he thought.

All this time, the days passing on, Barnegat made no sign. A better feeling had come over him, and he respected the major's words, "For her sake; for her sake." One evening, when the major was in the linden walk, away from the lights and sounds indoors, Barnegat approached him.

"They are going away," he said.

"When?" asked the major.

"To-morrow," answered Barnegat.

"Well, it will be over then."

"All the better for you," said the major. "Better that there should be an end to it. What good is it doing ye? Wearing your life out, grieving for another man's wife! It's but little use there is in crying after spilt milk."

Barnegat turned away his haggard face.

"It isn't that," he said doggedly, despite his misery. "It's better that I shouldn't be tormented with the sight of her, but I want to get an explanation. How do I know what she has been made to think of me, what it was that caused her to throw me off? I should like to know just so much, Ogilvie, and I—I cannot ask it."

There was a queer, old-fashioned rose-garden in the grounds of the hotel—a sweet, quaint rose-garden, rich with color, and heavy with the perfume that floated above and around the hundred flower-laden bushes; and it was to this place that Darrel Barnegat chanced to stroll, without any purpose, when he left Major Ogilvie standing alone under the row of lindens.

It had been a rare treasure once, this patch of bloom and fragrance, but it had been somewhat neglected of late years, and the roses had grown into a lovely thicket, stretching long, slender arms here and there, from bed to bed, and outbarring intruders with a profusion of sweet barricades. But there was still room for a ramble down the straight walks, and if Barnegat had any latent motives in seeking it, it was on account of its seclusion.

But some one was there before him, it seemed, though at first he was not aware of any presence other than his own. The fair moonlight made the place as bright as day, and, in turning the corner of an arch of tangled rose-vines, he came suddenly upon something white standing in the path; a woman in a floating white dress, and with a white face turned upwards to the cloudless night sky.

"Gertrude!" he cried out.

She might have been a spirit. She looked like one as she turned slowly towards him, in the light night. Her thin dress might have been moon-lit roses. Her face was delicately colorless, her skin purely transparent.

It was strange that she did not seem startled; as perhaps, all things considered, she might have been. She looked at him a little wonderingly: for his presence had awakened her from a dream.

"Pray do not think that I followed you," he said. "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Yorke. I did not know you were here."

She made a faint, quiet gesture with her hand.

"No, I did not think so," she said, in a low, calm voice. "I see how it was—but I am glad you came. I have been wishing, praying for this meeting, and I think it has not come about by chance."

The sight of her had so amazed him, and she looked so spiritual and unearthly, that he could not find words just at first to answer her.

"I am glad you came," she said again; and her voice was so clear and sweet, in its mysteriously-sounding, half-wearied tone, that it seemed to float towards him with the perfume of the roses. "I have been wishing to speak to you," she went on; "wishing to tell you before we part—for we shall never see one another again—how it came about that I am Mr. Yorke's wife instead of yours. I promised to be yours, you remember, when we were in Ireland."

"Yes," he groaned. "Oh, my love—my love!"

"You remember that my aunt did not like you—"

"No," he interrupted with suppressed emotion; "she said I was only a beggarly lieutenant; not rich enough for you."

"Do not blame her now, Darrel; she died long ago. It seems long to me, though it is not yet three years. It was she who took me away from you," continued Mrs. Yorke; "but she did not make your poverty the plea. She told me—you had not been gone a week—a terrible story of your loving another woman; not a lady, but a woman good people do not speak of."

"I did not know whether to believe her, but the tale was so circumstantial, so apparently true. She had just discovered it, she said; she said the person had gone away with you. I did not quite believe her, Darrel, until you ceased writing to me. It was my love that made me weak and blind, I think; if I had not loved you

so, I should have known how easy it was for her to play that poor, glaring, worn-out farce, and keep your letters back."

"And she did that!" flared Barnegat.

"That is not all. I might have fought against that; have waited patiently until you came back, and asked yourself whether or not it was true. Later we saw a paragraph in the *Times* about a skirmish in which you had fought and died. Died, Darrel!" And Mrs. Yorke swayed a little, and caught hold of the trunk of a tree.

"Oh, merciful heavens!" ejaculated Barnegat—but he said no other word.

It flashed across his mind so plainly now. He remembered the blunder, had laughed at it a thousand times, and yet had never thought that it might float to her, as it had floated to other people. Oh, careless man that he had been! light, reckless man!—to fling away from his unsteady hand a cup so full of peace and love.

"Until the evening that you came into the hotel *salon*, I did not know you were alive," went on Mrs. Yorke. "It was that that frightened me and caused me to faint. Since then I have been a little frightened at your looks, Darrel, especially since my husband came: I thought you wanted to pick a quarrel with him."

"As I did," acknowledged Mr. Barnegat. "As I should have done but for—for your sake, and for Ogilvie. You cannot tell me that you are happy with him."

A faint color stole to her face—he could see it in the moonlight. "As happy as—as—I can be with any one now. He is very kind to me."

"Too kind," muttered Barnegat: "he leaves you no will of your own. He is imperious, impetuous, exacting. *Your* husband ought to have been one to take the tenderest care of you."

"He does take it; he tries to make me happy—and oh, he loves me greatly. But I am always weary, Darrel; I am sick, fading, drifting out of life."

"Don't say so!" he groaned.

"Look at my face," she said, turning it into the brighter light. "Look at my hand," and she held up to him the slender, immaterial hand that looked almost that of a spirit, so bloodless and transparent. "I am dying, Darrel."

Darrel Barnegat did not answer. Had not the same conviction struck himself?

"My husband does not believe me," she continued; "but it is true. I am sure that I cannot be mistaken. And I should be glad to die, but for leaving my dear little boy. God knows what is best."

"He does not believe it?" repeated Barnegat, mechanically.

"No, he does not. He says it was this cold, northern climate last winter that took my strength from me and made me ill: and he is going to carry me away to Cuba; he thinks I shall get all right there. But I know better, Darrel. And I wanted to tell you the truth of the past before I leave—which will be to-morrow. I did not like you to think of me as false and heartless all the rest of your life."

"And now hear me, Gertrude," he broke forth, like a man awakening from a reverie. "I never had any thought of another woman save you. When I left Dublin I left it alone, nothing accompanying me but my thoughts of you. I have never ceased to love you; I love you still. Even as I now stand talking to you, looking at you, my heart is aching with its bitter pain. Your aunt called me poor; and I had quite enough private property then, as you knew, and she knew, to render us comfortable; and since then I have come into a large fortune through my eldest brother's death. I would have made you happier than *he* makes you, Gertrude. As my wife you might have been blooming now, with roses on your cheeks."

"Fate has been against us," she murmured, the hot tears trickling down her face; "and fate sways us all in spite of our own will. It was surely fate that brought you to Carlsbad now; it was fate that tempted me out here alone to-night while my husband is entertaining two South American friends, who are passing through the place, to dinner in private. I did not think of meeting you when I came out—the moonlight was so lovely, the night so balmy, that it tempted me. And now that I have seen you, Darrel, that I have spoken what was in my heart to speak, we will say good-bye."

"Good-bye!" he reiterated, as she held out to him the attenuated hand whose touch was as the touch of a pitying spirit. "Only 'good-bye' after all these years of hopelessness! Only to meet and say good-bye, Gertrude!"

"The suffering is mine, too," she whispered. "Life has been so hard to me that I am thankful even for this parting. A little while ago I never thought to be able to say it to you. Good-bye forever, Darrel; and God be with you!"

Her slender hand slipped itself out of his grasp, and she passed with a swift step towards the hotel. Darrel Barnegat sank down upon the nearest bench, and hid his face upon its arm.

In the breakfast-room the next morning, Mrs. Yorke's place was empty. She did not feel well enough to come down, it was understood; and in the afternoon her husband took her away. The idlers in the hotel whiled away half an hour watching the departure. Two carriages full. Mr. and Mrs. Yorke in one; the maids and the child in the other; Mr. Yorke's manservant and a courier in attendance. She had married wealth, at any rate, if she had not married happiness.

Darrel Barnegat was left: left to wear out his passionate regrets through the weary summer days. He stayed on at Carlsbad: there was a bitter comfort in the thought that she had borne some of her pain there. Only the little major understood Mr. Barnegat's silence, and the heavy cloud that just now seemed to hang over his life. As to Major Ogilvie, three parts of his occupation seemed to have gone out with the departure of Mrs. Yorke.

News reached them the following year in the shape of an advertisement in the death-column of the *Times*, sent over by telegram from Cuba to be inserted. It chanced that Mr. Barnegat and the major were breakfasting together in London when they read it:—

"On the 10th of April, at Matanzas, Cuba, Gertrude, the beloved wife of Manuel Yorke."

From The New Quarterly Magazine.
A NEW DIALECT; OR, YOKOHAMA
PIDGIN.

THE world has always been pleased with the stories of Jonah's gourd, Jack and the beanstalk, and similar instances of vivid and sudden growth, simply because they were marvellous and startling, and therewith the world was content. But according to the law of evolution, as man develops the spirit of inquiry, his myths and stories either vanish or become colored with the new lights. Thus the latest story of sudden growth, which is of course American, tells us that a father was in a barn in which, extended on some sacks of guano, lay his little boy fast asleep. A thunder-storm arose, and the parent, rising with it, went to the house. There came a crash—the barn had been struck, and an instant after the old man, turning his head, saw a giant ten feet high following him. Something in the face seemed to be familiar and to remind him of happier days, and

he cried in faltering voice: "Tommy, is that you?" "Yes, daddy." "Great sakes! — what on airth made you grow so?" "Well, daddy, I reckon it was the lightnin' actin' on the guano did it."

Since the introduction of guano the world has acquired Japan, and with it a fresher instance still of sudden growth, which is also in keeping with the age in this, that it is no story at all, but a plain fact. This fact is the development at Yokohama of a new language, *lingua franca*, or "Pidgin," which dates from the advent of the outer barbarians, and which might be considered as a hoax or a boy's joke in its eccentricity were it not that it is really in use as a serious means of communication between Japanese and foreigners. This remarkable tongue has been reduced to writing for the first time by Mr. Hoffman Atkinson, who, after residing for several years in Japan, was more recently secretary of the American legation in St. Petersburg. His work begins modestly enough with the simple title, "Exercises in the Yokohama Dialect" (Yokohama, 1874); but even on the first page we find remarks which prepare us for a tone which is quite in keeping with the impressions caused by the language. Gravely enough are we informed that the author has been guided in his task by a conscientious adherence to the most reliable authorities accessible. Even, however, with these aids the compilation of this small work, as he declares, has been attended with difficulty, arising in part to the continual changes as the dialect crystallizes, and as progress is made towards fixing this valued means of communication between the native and foreign resident or visitor. This is all very fine, but the pantagruelist begins to show his claws when we are gravely told that "the author does not flatter himself that he has made any great addition to philological literature, but if he has succeeded in doing no more harm to learners of Japanese than his honored predecessors in similar labors, his highest aims will have been attained." This is accompanied by an intimation that it will be much more to the advantage of the foreigner to learn a dialect actually used in Yokohama, instead of studying Japanese proper, which the author declares that "nobody understands, beyond a few teachers." After this nobody can be astonished to find Mr. Atkinson bewailing in the preface to the second edition that

his feelings have been greatly wounded by a marked disposition on the part of the Yokohama public to treat the work as a jest. In-

LIVING AGE. VOL. XXVII. 1384

deed, with the exception of a few tourists and Japanese gentlemen, the first edition has passed into the hands of those not likely to learn from it practical lessons for actual use. No educational boards [he adds] have yet adopted the work, nor is it true that *official* notice has been received making it the ground-work of a new court dialect, but an idea of its progress may be gathered from the following extracts.

These extracts are notices by the native press, of which one, credited to a highly conservative old *hari-kari* journal — the *Nisshin Shinjisi* — will suffice: —

We have feared this. Our oldest institutions have been broken up, our currency tampered with, our hair cut the wrong way, and now this book comes along and pulls the roof off our language.

This being comfortably effected, Mr. Atkinson plunges into the first lesson. I, mine, or ours are all in Yokohamese rendered by *watarkshee*; you and yours by *oh-my*; he, his, or theirs by *acheera sto*. "These," he calmly remarks, "comprise about all the pronouns used, and the student need not bother about genders." This is highly encouraging. We feel as if a gentle, helpful hand were to be extended to us, and that no needless impediments are to be cast in our way. But promising as this is, it is nothing to what is realized. We have always regarded Anglo-Romany or Gypsy as charmingly easy, with only two tenses, and its ubiquitous *engro*, who, with an adjective, performs every active task like a Hindoo *walla*, but it is as classical Arabic compared to this new language. *Caberramono* being "a hat," and *tempo* "a penny," *o-my tempo* is "your penny," and *acheera-sto caberramono* is "his hat." "These examples," says the author, "illustrate the ease with which the possessive case is made. The other cases can be worked up as required by the same rules."

We now come to *arimas*, which is truly a "far-reaching verb." "*Catchee*," like "have got," has been thought to be a tolerably active verb in Chinese Pidgin, but it is laziness itself as compared to the Yokohama auxiliary, which helps everybody to everything. "It translates all the idioms of to be, to have, *esse*, *posse*, *habere*, *monere*, *sein*, *haben*, *avoir*, *être*, *ser*, *estar*, *haber*, *tener*, and *have got*. Beyond this it has as a general colloquialism a close analogy to the *altro* of the Italians." But this is far from doing justice to *arimas*, which might almost be said to do duty at a pinch for any other verb, or any noun. It

is the general utility man of the Yokohama dialect, and he who speaks when he has nothing else to say, gives a significant nod, and lifting his finger, remarks "*Arimas.*" Then the world agrees with him, and they all say "*Arimas.*" Those who have encountered the man of one word, know that, like "the man of one book," he is a terrible fellow. It is his "lift for the lazy," it carries his mind over everything. This one word is generally slang, it always saves the trouble of thinking, and therefore Doctor O. W. Holmes objected to slang. *Arimas* is the incarnation of philological indolence.

Removal, departure, going, and all cognate ideas are expressed by *piggy*, and speed by *jiggy-jig*. *Mar* being a horse, it follows that the question, "Is the horse a fast one?" is rendered by *Mar jiggy-jig arimas?* Titles are expressed by *san*, and "Is Mr. Jones at home?" is *Jones san arimas?* Further examples of words are as follows:—

Tea	<i>Oh-char.</i>
Boat	<i>Boto.</i>
To break	<i>Serampun.</i>
To mix	<i>Champone.</i>
Illness	<i>Sick-sick.</i>
Yes	<i>Sigh-oh.</i>
No	<i>Nigh.</i>
Difficult	<i>Moods-cashey.</i>
Good	<i>Your-a-shee.</i>
Bad	<i>Wore-rewy.</i>
Much	<i>Tuck-san.</i>
Little	<i>Skoshe or Cheese-eye.</i>
How much	<i>Ickoorah.</i>

The negative is formed by post-fixing *en* to verbs ending in *mas*. Thus, not to have, or not to be (at home) is *arimasen*. Not to understand is *walk-arimasen*. All other verbs form the negative by adding *nigh*. The numerals are as follows:—

One	<i>Stoats.</i>
Two	<i>Slats—also rendered by two-pesh.</i>
Three	<i>Meats.</i>
Four	<i>Yotes.</i>
Five	<i>It-suits.</i>
Six	<i>Moots.</i>
Seven	<i>Nannats.</i>
Eight	<i>Yachts.</i>
Nine	<i>Cocoanuts.</i>
Ten	<i>Tee.</i>

High-kin meaning "to see," therefore "I see a boat" is *boto high-kin arimas*; and "I see threepence," *tempo meats high-kin*. But we must look further into the vocabulary before we can understand the principles by which this language is growing.

Time	<i>Tokey.</i>
A man	<i>Sto.</i>
A woman	<i>Moose-me.</i>
A child	<i>Baby-san.</i>
A servant	<i>Boy.</i>
A dog	<i>Come-car.</i>
Water	<i>Meeds.</i>
Butter, oil, etc.	<i>Aboorah.</i>
Color	<i>Eel-oh.</i>

Thus to ask, "What color is your horse?" the Yokohamist says, *Oh-my mar nanny* (what) *eel-oh arimas?* i.e., "Your horse, color what is?" "Does his color change in various seasons?" is rendered by *Eel-oh piggy nigh?* that is to say, "Color quick (implying rapid removal or change) no?" "Who called when I was out?" is *Nanny sto arimas, watarkshee arimasen?* or literally, "What man was I not was." *Doko*, or where, might have been used in this artless sentence, since *Watarkshee caberramono doko?* means "Where is my hat?" or "My hat, where?" Like Pidgin, Yokohamese, being in its infancy, is as yet decidedly baby-talk. But as the Japanese are much more aristocratic than the natives of the Central Flower Land, and greatly look down on them, we are not astonished to find our Yokohama philologist remarking of the words *chobber-chobber*, or food, and *bobbery*, disturbance or noise, that "the best authorities agree in referring the origin of these last two words to Pidgin English, a low and ungrammatical dialect, void of syntax, spoken between foreigners and Chinese." This is, indeed, like high airs in the nursery, but we begin to know our writer, and the touch of Panurge, who, after speaking fourteen tongues, made for his master a neat little dictionary of the Lantern language while on the journey, which was warranted to last no longer than a pair of new shoes. Of this Yokohamese it may be said as truly as of the *langage lanternois*, "*Tu fauras plus tost apprins que jour levant sentir*," inasmuch as it would be possible for any man with a good memory to learn all that there is in Mr. Atkinson's vocabulary in a day, and actually make himself intelligible in most simple matters.

The verb *maro-marō*, meaning to pass, walk, or not to be at home, intimating thereby that one has passed or gone out, is of wide extension in Yokohamese. Thus *sacky* meaning "wine," from the Japanese *saki*, rice-spirits; *Sacky maro-marō* is "Pass around the wine" while, *Come-car maro-marō*, sets forth that "the dog walks." Also *Kommysan* (the lady) *maro-marō*, "The lady is not at home," and

Doko maro-maro? "Where has she gone?" So it appears that with the aid of adverbs and nouns, and a little intonation, a single word can without change be made to express all the cases of a verb.

Boy is "servant," *punguts* "punishment," and *pompom* "a hammer." "You must make less disturbance driving nails into the wall, or I shall be obliged to pun-

Where are the small ones (cabinets) you showed my friends from England last week?

Unfortunately they were purchased on Tuesday by a party of tourists from San Francisco.

Molière's Turkish was hardly more condensed than this. But then Yokohamese requires a lively imagination, and a much more than ordinary intelligence, to achieve many of these surprising *tours de force*. If we might be "permitted to conjecture," we should say that Yankee ingenuity and humor have had a great deal to do with the construction of this language, and that some of the same "gigantic intellect" which manufactured Chinook has also worked at Yokohama.

Sacky, or wine, reappears as *beer-sacky* for beer, *ah-kye sacky*, claret, and *square-face sacky* for Hollands, in which there is evidently an allusion to the shape of a

Good day.

I wish to see some nice small curios.

Of what kind? (or quality.)

Would you like to see some old Satsuma screens of wonderful variety and strong pattern?

Yes, I should be pleased to look at them.

How much is this small inlaid tray?

It is twenty dollars.

I will give you two boos.

You are very hard upon a poor merchant, but it is yours for the sake of business.

Mr. Atkinson cannot of course convey the expression of the uplifted hands and eyebrows, and the smile that is childlike and bland, which render *your-a-shee* a

Send it home.

Very well, sir, where is your residence?

I am not residing here. I am a globe-trotter.

The teacher, considering that by this time his pupils are somewhat advanced, proceeds to give them sundry exercises to be translated into Yokohama Japanese. They are as follows:—

1. No country can be called well-governed whose rulers do not blend with democratical liberality somewhat of the stern bigotry of taste and history.

ish you," is concisely rendered as *Oh-my pompom bobbery watarkshee punguts*, "You hammer noise I punish." No one, indeed, can be astonished at the author's remarking dryly, that "the student will have remarked the great compressibility of the dialect when he finds the following in a dialogue between a dealer and a customer:—

Cheese-eye doko? i.e. "Small where?"

Arimasen (no-got).

schnapps-bottle. *Pan* is "bread," and *shabone* "soap," of which words the etymology will trouble few who can recall *pane* and *xabon*. That *wash-boy* represents a laundry-man is intelligible, and that physician should be *doctorsan*, or Mr. Doctor, but that a lawyer is known as *consul-bobbery-sto*, or a consular fuss or disturbance man, is sufficiently odd. A stove is called both *hee-batchey* and *she-batchey*; of this word we are informed that the gender is indeterminate. A few more sentences will probably suffice to fully indicate the manner in which this dialect is conducted in conversation.

Ohio.

Your-a-shee cheese-eye curio high-kin. (Good little curio see.)

Nanny arimas?

Die-job (strong) screen high-kin arimas?

Sigh-oh, high-kin arimas. (Yes, to see.)

Cheese-eye ickoorah? (Small, how much?)

Knee-jew dora.

Knee-boos arimas.

Your-a-shee. (Good.)

very faithful translation of seventeen English words. The purchaser, however, understands that it means all this and more, and answers:—

Watarkshee house sinjo. (To my house send.)

House doko arimas? (House, where is?)

House-arimasen skoshie high-kin moro-moro arimas. (House have not, (a) little to see walk, i.e. travel.)

2. Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers.

3. Evolved from the depth of his moral consciousness a pithecoïd.

4. The metaphysical disability attaching to extended adherence to trade-forms of thought is hardly to be removed by a mere curriculum of philosophy, however well organized.

5. "Tell me where is fancy bred?"

6. Power concentrated in a moving body is

the weight of the body multiplied by the square of its velocity, and the product divided by the acceleratrix; or the power concentrated in a moving body is equal to the power expended in generating the motion.

With a brain slightly bewildered after transcribing this sentence, we follow the writer through the Yokohamese phrases, which we are politely requested to translate into English. But here our courage fails, as we fancy some reader, impatient of so much nonsense and frivolity, crying aloud: "*Oh-my piggy jig-jig—watark-shee pumguts sinjo arimas.*" ("Now hurry on, or I will pummel you.")

Yes, it is all most excellent fooling; but Pidgin and kindred methods of expression, which live in the land of doubt between slang and *lingua franca*, are so utterly uncared for by philologists that they might perish were it not for the kindly offices of some occasional humorist, who, attracted by their quaint wailing, picks them up in the darkness of ignorance from the doorstep of vulgarity, and carries them into that grand refuge for the destitute—a magazine, or a small pamphlet. They are worth saving, though few think so. When the writer published, some years ago, a work on Chinese Pidgin, more than one foreign review abused him with a bitterness incredible to an English reader, not for faults in his work, but for writing the work at all on such a debased dialect. Even so the Greeks and Romans despised the tongues of their barbarian neighbors; and yet there are a few scholars at the present day who would have been very grateful to any classic predecessor who had left us a vocabulary of the Etruscan, accompanied even by a comic commentary.

It has been sagely observed that it never rains but it pours, that misfortunes are never single, that *bonnes fortunes* come in bunches; and so it happened by strange chance that since the foregoing remarks on Yokohamese were in the printer's hands the writer received from Mr. Arthur Diósy, a student of Japanese, a small MS. collection made by him, entitled "*Japoniana Curiosissima.*" What was our delight, on examining this precious little work, to find that it consisted entirely of Yokohamese, or Japanese Pidgin; that it embraced the words not given by the erudite and ingenious Atkinson; and, further, that the collector had reduced his gems to their original elements; that is to say, he had shown the derivations of sundry expressions from their English, Portuguese, Spanish, Dutch, and other sources. But

as has been remarked, there is that in Yokohamese which, by indescribable or magic power, awakes all the pantagruelism of a man's nature, disposing him to be quaint, and suggesting the spinning of fine yarns, even so Mr. Diósy is here and there so touchingly naïve as to require the pruning-hook—we should say the lead-pencil. Why this should be so passes the writer's comprehension; but it is certainly true that the two only specimens of the literature of this infant language would seem to indicate that it inspires all who speak it to jest, and that it would be a proper tongue for the Rabelais Society of London in which to debate the merits of Panurge, or keep their chronicles. What is strictly serious in Mr. Diósy's MS. is as follows:

JAPONIANA CURIOSISSIMA.

Words derived from English.

Damuraisu k'to (Yokohama dialect). A British or American sailor. Etymol. "D— your eyes!" and *k'to* (Sino-Japanese, *jin*; Chinese, *jōn*), people.

Komiya (Yokohama dialect). A European dog. (From "Come here! Come here!")

Sitsh'n. Railway station.

Bōtō. Boat. In pure Japanese, *ko-bunē*, child-ship. *Bōtō* has been officially adopted in the Imperial Navy.

Buranket (or, by contraction, *ket*). A blanket.

Words derived from French.

Shappo. Hat (European hat).

Juppon. Waistcoat (from *jupon*, a petticoat).

Monuments left by a Century of Christianity and Intercourse with Spanish and Portuguese.

Shabon. Soap (*sapón*).

Bidoro. Glass (*vidro*).

Kastita. Sponge-cake (from *Castilla*).

Note.—As Chinese cannot pronounce *r*, but substitute *l*, so Japanese cannot say *l*, but replace it by *r*, as in *Buranket*, *Kastita*, *Rondon*, (London). Ah-Sin says, "Our people all eat rice;" Kō-kichi says, "Rice are vermin."

Karuta. Playing-cards.

Tanégashima. A pistol. Literally, "seed-island" (*shima* = island), from the fact that the first European who landed in Japan—at Tanégashima, an island off the coast of Kiu-Shiu, south-west of Japan, belonging to Osumi—was armed with a pistol. He was a Portuguese from Macao, Mendez Pinto by name, A.D. 1542 or thereabouts.

Jesu Kirishito. Jesus Christ.

Words derived from the Dutch.

Dontaku. Sunday (as a Christian holiday), from *Zondag*. The pure Japanese for the

seventh day is *Nichi-yobi*, literally, Sun-day; Monday, *Tsuki-yobi* = Moon-day.

Madorosu. Sailor (*Matros*).

Biki. Sheet tin (*Blek*, Germ. *Blech*).

Doitsu. German (*Deutsch*).

Hovanda. Holland.

Ran. Dutch.

Miscellanea.

Baxsam Koaibé. Balsam Copaibæ.

Bum-bum-funé. Man-of-war (*funé* = ship).

Vast quantities of powder are wasted annually in Japanese waters in salutes between *bum-bum-funé* and forts. (Vulgar).

Tchi-joki-sen. Railway. Literally, "land-steam-ship." (Vulgar).

Jin-riki-sha. The cab of Japan. A light two-wheeled carriage, drawn by one or two men. Literally, "man-power-carriage." Called by Americans "Japanese Pull-man car."

Brown Betties. *Betto* are grooms and ostlers. Americans call them "B. B." in remembrance of toothsome New England cakes.

Saru. Detective, policeman (literally "monkey"). Equivalent to the American "pig in brass buttons." (Vulgar).

Ki-to-jin. "Bearded Chinaman," any foreigner not a Chinaman.

Bé. American.

Yei. English, British.

Futsu. French.

Hispania. Spain.

Horitogar. Portugal.

Orosha. Russia.

Malay Words in the Yokohama Dialect.

Peka. Go! (Malay, *pergi*; Atkinson's *pig-gy*.)

Sarampan. Boat (*sampan*).

Miscellanea (continued).

Bonkots (Yokohama). A thrashing. (Pure Japanese, *chôchaku*; Atkinson's *pungutz*.)

Jigi-jig (Yokohama). Quick! (Pure Japanese, *jikini*; Atkinson's *jig-jig*.)

Maro-marô, maru-maru (Yokohama). To be somewhere. (Pure Japanese, *mawaru*.)

Taisan (Yokohama). Much, very. (Pure Japanese, *taisô*.)

Ohayo! (pure Japanese). Literally, "It is early!" used as a salutation before noon. Foreigners use it at all hours with ludicrous effect.

Shinjô (pure Japanese). Respectfully to offer. Used by foreigners for "give" in every case. Foreigners who have lived in Nagasaki use a vast number of Hizen idioms. I have a list of many of them; but do not think it relevant to this subject, so will not even make extracts.

Teppe-mizu. Aërated waters. (Literally, "gun-water.")

Pom-saké. Champagne. (*Saké* is rice-wine.)

Tantô (pure Japanese). So much. (Compare Italian).

Sô (pure Japanese). So. (Equivalent in its different intonations to the German "So!" "Ach so!" "Nun so!" "So?")

Mô (pure Japanese). More!

Sago-béi. Sago.

Tmo-kui. Potato-eaters. The insurgents of Satsuma, 1876-7, who fed mostly on sweet potatoes, being unable to procure rice, were nicknamed thus by the Imperialists.

Kuro-jin-dai. Literally, "black-barrack-troops." The Imperialists were so called from their dark uniforms and their living in barracks (a European innovation hateful to true "Samurai"). The Satsuma rebels translated this, by a daring play upon the words, into "black-stinking-tai." *Tai* = sea-bream, the king of Japanese fishes.

Aka-go. A baby. Literally, "red-child."

Moosinie (used by foreigners for *musumé*). Girl, daughter.

Chabu-chabu (vulgar). Grub. (The Pidgin-English *chow-chow*.)

Usangi, Uma. A donkey. (Literally, "hare-horse;" asses were unknown until comparatively recent times.)

Yama-inu. Wolf. (Literally, "mountain — or wild — dog.")

Niwa-tori. Cock. (Literally, "garden-bird.")

Bôbô (used by children). Clothes.

Bôb-wo rishern. To dress a child.

Haha. Mother.

Chichi. Father.

Baba. Grandmother.

Jiji. Grandfather.

Hii-jiji. Great-grandfather.

Mama. Wet-nurse.

Mamahaha. Stepmother.

The writer would only add, that while nearly all the words in Chinese Pidgin are English, the greater part of the Yokohama vocabulary is Japanese. The reader might be astonished if he were informed that many of the terms which look like sheer invention are really of the land of Nipon. *Cocoa-nuts*, for example, is actually as near an approach to the pure Japanese for "nine" as most careless travellers could be expected to make. As regards syntax, both the Chinese and Japanese Pidgin follow their respective Oriental sources.

SARAH DE BERENGER.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

CHAPTER XXV.

AMIAS rose early the next morning and went into the dewy garden. It was looking its best. Red lilies and white ones stood side by side scenting the air; a thick bush of climbing clematis leaned towards him from a tall cherry-tree. Towering hollyhocks in a long row went straight across the garden, and directed the eye to

the old yew-tree hedge, which looked almost black in its shady station.

"I must leave it, and leave *her*," thought the lover, and turned to look at the white-curtained windows, behind which he supposed Amabel to be sleeping. Felix was seen advancing, and forthwith Amias began with diligence to examine the beehives, before which he had been standing.

A certain something, of which he had hitherto been scarcely aware, now made itself manifest to him. It was this: that he had begun to think Felix was a man to be much considered, that it was natural to respect him.

Felix had been pleasant and brotherly, of course, but his manner now and then had been changed a little, just for the moment. Amias had been sensitive to this change; had shown a certain deference toward Felix, which it now occurred to him that the latter had taken advantage of. Had he accepted it as his right? Amias could not help thinking that he had, and he chose to pretend to himself, as Felix approached, that there could be no reason for this, and that it had better be done away with.

Well, then, he would do away with it, and address Felix exactly as he should have done in the old days, without thinking of what he was going to say. Ridiculous! The idea of considering how he should address his own brother, on occasion of their first meeting in the morning! But here he stood, staring at the beehives, and knowing that he *was* desirous to please Felix, and undecided what to say, knowing now that Felix, standing beside him, felt no answering embarrassment.

"I feel exactly as I might if he was her father," thought the poor victim; and now the whole thing was confessed to himself. And still he watched the bees coming out, and still Felix did not speak.

"What a strong smell of clary there is!" he said at last.

"Yes," said Felix, indifferently; "so many bees settling on it and fluttering about it, cause it to give forth that strong odor."

Amias, while he said this, had time to remember that the last thing the girls had done before they went to the seaside, had been to pull the clary blossoms and spread them on sheets of paper in a spare attic, to be dried for making wine, and that the scent of clary was so strong on their gowns and capes when they came in, that they had been obliged to change these habiliments. Mrs. Snaith had hung them in the

air on a clothes-line. How interesting they had looked — especially one of them.

"Fool that I am; he is thinking of the same thing," thought Amias. "What could possess me to mention the clary, for —"

"That reminds me —" said Felix calmly, and paused.

"I knew it would," thought Amias, and he interrupted. "I always think the emanations from that plant must have substance. Surely, with a magnifying glass, one could detect the particles floating over the flowers?"

"I think not," said Felix, who, not being himself embarrassed, could easily get on without returning to his first opening. "I think not. But, Amias, I'm glad you rose so early, for I particularly wanted to speak to you."

"To speak to me, old fellow? Oh — well, let us sit down, then." He moved on, with a pretence of calmness, possessed himself of a stick as he went, and acknowledged to himself that he was quite sure what the talk was going to be about. "How beautiful and how dewy everything looks!" he said, as they sat down on a rustic bench.

"Yes," said Felix again.

Amias took out his knife and began to whittle the stick, because he had an unwonted consciousness of his hands; they seemed to be in his way.

"I wanted," said Felix, "to speak to you about Amabel."

Amias could not say a word.

"Have you considered that she is not yet out of the schoolroom?"

Amias said nothing, and Felix quietly went on.

"I should like to know whether you are aware how extremely young she is?"

Then he felt obliged to answer. "Yes, Felix, I am; I know she was sixteen on the twelfth of last month."

"I think you have been taking some pains to please her."

"I don't know that I have any cause to suppose that you would dislike the notion of my having succeeded."

"Have you succeeded?"

"I don't know."

"You must not make any more efforts in that line — at any rate, for the present."

Here the worm felt as if he was going to turn. But he did not; he remained silent.

"I think I have a right to say that you are not to pay her any more of these half-playful attentions," continued Felix, or we shall get nothing more done in the school-

room; and also that I cannot allow her, at her tender age, to receive any letters."

"Playful attentions — playful!" repeated Amias, with a burning sense of wrong. "Do you mean to say that you think I am not in earnest?"

"No, my dear fellow," said Felix, with perfect gentleness; "I had no idea of saying anything to annoy you. But perhaps I may say now, that she certainly is not old enough to know her own mind, and therefore, for your own sake as well as for hers —"

"My own sake!" exclaimed Amias, with scorn. "Pray leave me to take care of my own feelings; speak only for her sake, and of hers."

"I take for granted that she is old Sam's granddaughter," continued Felix, "and that he has ascertained the fact, because, though he has never been at the pains to let me know it, he continues to treat the girls with constantly growing affection. If, therefore, you think he has a better right over her future, or think that the general facts of the situation throw her more naturally upon his care than on mine, you may go and speak to him if you wish it."

"I think nothing of the kind, Felix. I beg your pardon for my heat. If she had been a brother's child instead of a cousin's, you could not possibly have done more — only —"

"Only what?"

"It hurts me deeply that you should disapprove in this general way. If you have any particular fault to find with me —"

"I have certainly a particular fault to find with you, and no other. It is that you have made love to a good little girl, who was very happy, obedient, and childlike. I notice a difference in her; you have robbed her of a full year of childhood."

"Have I?" said Amias, in a choking voice.

But he hardly knew whether the accusation was most bitter or most sweet. He thought he would rather have died than have made this sweet creature restless and unhappy. But then her unrest, if she felt it, was on *his* account!

"If she was a year or two older, then; if I was willing to wait," he began; but oh, what a long time even one year seemed! He paused to consider it.

"Yes," observed Felix, "if she was two years older — that is, if you like to wait two years and then come — you may say what you please to her with my approval, provided nothing whatever is said now, and nothing written."

"I meant to say something decisive before I went," said Amias, under a deep conviction that some other fellow would seize upon his jewel, if she was left free for such a long time. He expressed this alarm to his brother at great length.

Felix was not in the least impressed. "Amabel is not the only young girl in the world, that every man must needs fall in love with her," he remarked.

Amias thereupon, at equal length, argued that she was, as it were, *almost* the only young girl in the world — so much more charming, desirable, sweet, etc., etc. He rather hinted this than said it. Felix would not have found any raptures bearable, and, besides, his raptures were far too deep to be spread forth to the light.

For all reply to this Felix said, "But she never sees anybody."

"Never?" cried Amias.

"Excepting a curate now and then."

Amias admitted to himself that he was not afraid of the curates.

"But in the shooting season, and at Easter, Uncle Sam has a houseful of fellows."

"And she will see them at church," answered Felix. "Yes, she will. Well, you must run that risk." He spoke of the risk with a contempt which Amias thought not warranted.

"And they will see *her*," he continued.

"And ask Sir Samuel who she is," observed Felix. "I should much like to know what answer he will make to that question when it shall be so asked that he must answer."

"And *you* see her," Amias was about to add; but he paused, and yet the flash that came into his eyes, and his sudden checking of himself were so manifest that Felix noticed them.

"Well?" he inquired.

"It was nothing — at least, nothing that I care to utter."

"Then it must have been what I suspected." He laughed, and his dark cheek mustered color. "Why, you ridiculous young fellow!" he exclaimed, laying his hand on his brother's shoulder. "Are you preposterous enough to be jealous of — *me*?"

"No, I am not; but any other man might be!"

Felix looked at him.

"How can you possibly suppose I could fall in love with one of these dear little girls?" he said, in a tone of strong remonstrance. "I stand almost in the relation of a father to them."

"I should say, on the contrary, that your position toward them makes it quite inevitable that you should fall in love with one of them, unless you already love some one else."

"Besides," said Felix, not directly answering this last thrust, "I should not care to be more nearly allied to John—poor fellow!—if John's they are. And if they are not, I certainly should not care to be allied to nobody knows whom."

Amias winced a little on hearing this, but Felix had not done with him.

"However, it is not impossible that you may be right," he continued, not without a touch of bitterness. "It may make you feel more at ease to learn that I have been *these many years* attached to some one else."

No more jealousy was possible now, but also no more rebellion. Felix was master of the situation.

"And so," he said, as he rose, "if you wish this time two years to see Amabel, you will come here again; and in the mean time I consider you are bound in honor to leave her absolutely alone, and not make her an offer till she is eighteen."

He looked at Amias, who had to answer, "I consent."

And just as he said it, Amabel and Delia came down the garden, as if on purpose to show him how hard his newly vowed contest was to be. He did not say a word, but his eyes dwelt on Amabel's face. There was a tender sadness on it—a certain almost forlorn expression. We understand people so well when we love them. Amias felt that this fair young creature had been so waited on, so attended to, so watched and loved by her nurse, that, this tendance and this fencing in from loneliness withdrawn, she was looking about her, as if she felt herself pushed out into some colder world, and knew not how to order herself in it. He remembered the flattery of observance with which "mamsey's" eyes had dwelt on her young lady. Sometimes he had thought that his eyes, waiting on her, had not been unmarked either. But she was not thinking of him now.

"Is there any letter, coz, from Mrs. Snaith?" she asked.

"No, my dear—none."

"What do you think she means, coz? It cannot be that she is ill?"

"No, my dear; I feel confident that she is not ill."

"But have you any idea what it all means?"

A certain something passed over the face

of Felix then, which Amias noticed as well as Amabel.

"You have, coz?" she said.

"I have no *definite* idea," answered Felix. "Even if I had, I could not tell it to you."

Amias noticed that he pitied the two girls in this withdrawal of their faithful maid and old nurse, far more than he did himself in the loss of an excellent domestic.

All this time the girls had been standing before the two brothers, who were seated; but now Delia made herself room beside Felix, and Amias, starting up, moved to Amabel to take his place; so now Felix was sitting between the two girls, and Amias was looking at the group. That Felix remembered just then what had so lately passed between him and his brother was evident, for as the two girls seemed to lean towards him for comfort and support, his dark face again took on a hint of color, his eyes flashed as if with involuntary amusement, and he even looked a little embarrassed.

Foolish Amias! How could he have put such a thought into his brother's head?

But here was Aunt Sarah coming also, her carrot-colored curls flying, and her pink morning wrapper jauntily fastened up with a silver clasp.

It was rather a narrow gravel walk that led to the house, and the girls went in to breakfast down it, pressing their skirts to them, lest the dewy, bending flowers should wet them. Sarah followed next, then Felix, and lastly Amias, which arrangement he naturally felt to be very disagreeable.

"Should he read to them that morning?" he inquired of the girls after breakfast, in the presence of Felix.

"No, they had no time, thanks; they were going to be extremely busy."

Amias sighed, and after breakfast disconsolately wandered about indoors, or read the various newspapers that he always had sent to him wherever he was. At last, about eleven o'clock, he saw the two girls sitting together under the walnut-trees, shelling peas for the early dinner. He joined them. Jolliffe was very busy, they said, and they had asked her what they could do to help, now dear mamsey was gone. So she had asked them to gather some fruit and the peas, and then to shell them.

"You might have let me help!" exclaimed Amias.

"Coz never helps at that kind of thing,"

said Delia, as if this was an exhaustive answer.

"Fancy coz shelling peas!" said Amabel.

Dick was gone; he had departed the previous evening, to stay two days with a boy friend.

"Dick will be back to-morrow," observed Delia, "and then we can make him help." There was no emphasis on the word "make;" it only expressed a familiar truth in simple language.

"Dick is a lucky dog," said Amias, forgetting himself; "he will have another three weeks here before he goes back to school." He spoke with such bitter regret in his voice, that the girls both looked at him.

"Don't you like going away?" asked Delia, composedly.

Here he remembered his promise.

"Not particularly," he said.

"Then, why don't you stay?" she inquired. "I'm sure coz would be very glad—and so should we," she added, and stooped to seize another handful of pods with her dimpled fingers. Amabel had a more slender hand; she held it out just then, half full of peas, and as they ran out into the dish, he noticed a handsome pearl ring. He had observed it before, with certain misgivings. How could he possibly go away with any doubt as to the meaning or history of that ring? There had been neither assent nor dissent in her face when Delia had said "so should we;" she had not looked up at him.

His thought was urgent for utterance, but it would have been contrary to his promise to ask such a question as he would have liked to do. He said, "That ring runs a risk of being stained with the peas."

"Does it?" exclaimed Amabel, hastily; and she drew it off, coloring with anxiety, as he thought, while she looked at it.

"And pearls, you know, will not bear soap and water," he continued.

"It's all right," said Delia; "I saw you," she continued, in a rallying tone, to her sister. "I saw you take off your glove in the ribbon-shop the other day, and let your hand hang out over the ribbon-box—pretending to choose; I saw you stick your finger out, fastening your cuff, the other day on the pier, that those two lieutenants might see it. Dear creature! And she promised to give me one too," continued Delia, with a sigh.

"She promised!" exclaimed Amias, with involuntary delight. "Oh, it was a lady who gave it, then?"

"It was dear mamsey," said Amabel, taking up the ring and putting it gently to her cheek, and then to her lips. "She saved out of her wages for three years and bought me this. It has some of her hair in it. And I asked her to let her name be engraved on the inside, and she had it done, but only her Christian name, you see."

She let Amias receive the ring in his hand. He wished he might have kissed it too, but he only looked at it and saw the name, "Hannah."

Amabel was beautifully shy now. She blushed, because she felt that Amias would know she had been glad to explain to him about this gift of a ring; but just as he, finding no pretext for holding it longer, was stretching out his hand to return it, Aunt Sarah came out again, meddling old woman! He thought she looked inquisitive, and perhaps Amabel thought so too, for she shelled the peas with great diligence for a few minutes more, and then the task was finished. One of the girls carried in the peas, the other the basket of pods, and Sarah and Amias were left alone together.

Amias did not see Amabel again till the early dinner, and very soon after that Sir Samuel appeared. He had brought two ponies, and proposed to take both the girls out for a ride.

Circumstances were helping Amias to keep his promise. The girls considered it a great treat to go out riding with Sir Samuel.

While they were gone up-stairs to put on their habits, Mrs. Snaith's departure was mentioned by Sarah. She wished very much to know what she might have confided to the old man; whether it was through her, or through John himself before his death, that these girls were known by him to be his granddaughters. That he did know it she had no doubt, else why was he so fond of them?

"Not gone for long, I suppose?" he said coolly.

"Yes, gone for good," she replied.

"Where is she gone, then?" he inquired sharply.

"That we cannot tell, uncle. You can see the telegram."

Sir Samuel turned the telegram about, read it with earnestness, and almost, as it seemed to Sarah, with consternation.

"It does not signify, of course?" said Sarah, in a questioning tone.

"What does not signify?" he replied. Having scrutinized the telegram thoroughly, he was now folding it up and

presently he put it in his purse, and stood for some minutes so lost in thought, that when the girls came in ready for their ride he did not notice them.

"Well, good-bye, my dear," he said at last, to his niece Sarah. "I cannot have you to luncheon to-morrow, though I said I would. I am going out."

CHAPTER XXVL

AMIAS was exceedingly vexed, when, about two hours after this, Sir Samuel rode up to the rectory door alone.

He had been pacing about on the lawn, and cogitating over his chance of lifting Amabel down from her pony.

Sir Samuel laughed when he saw him. It was a good-natured laugh, but not altogether devoid of a little harmless malice. Amias had come up to him to ask what he had done with the girls, but this laugh awoke in him an uneasy suspicion that the "grandfather" might have observed his devotion, might have other views for Amabel — might not approve.

"Ah, Mr. Lecturer," said Sir Samuel, and laughed again. "You were not aware, I suppose, that I was among your auditors the other day when you were holding forth on the common?"

Amias felt rather foolish; wondered whether he had been extravagant in any of his assertions. He was relieved to find what the laugh meant, but he longed for some opening for asking about Amabel.

"I did not mind it," continued the old man, naturally feeling that Amias would rather he had not heard that particular speech. "You are a born orator, my lad. Tom — Tom always used to stutter so when he tried to speak. I shall never make anything of Tom. I should like very well to see you in the House, where you would have matters worth mention to spend your eloquence on. Should you like it? Eh?"

"Very much, uncle; but there is no chance of such a thing for a long time to come."

"You had no notion that your old uncle was present, had you?"

"Of course not," exclaimed Amias, quite shocked.

"And if I am not mistaken, there was no personal feeling in your invectives — none of them were directed specially against me?"

He touched the young man's shoulder with his riding-whip so gently, that it was almost like a caress; he spoke as kindly as a father might have done.

"How should I have any personal feeling against you, uncle?" exclaimed Amias. "I always think of you as the kindest person I know. What do you take me for?"

"You young fanatic," said Sir Samuel, laughing, "do you really think it your duty to keep out of my way?"

"No!" exclaimed Amias, with genuine astonishment.

"Then, why do you never come near me when I am in London?"

Amias here felt extremely ashamed of himself, for the whole conversation was such a confession of liking on the part of the old man, and he felt that on his part nothing had signified but that he should know why Amabel did not appear. It was hard on the old uncle. It was a shame!

That last question really made him able to think of the matter under discussion, and at the same moment came a flash of recollection that this was *her* grandfather who was so kindly disposed towards him.

"You quite astonish me, uncle," he said. "If you invited me to come to your house in London, I should be truly pleased, but —" Here he paused.

"But you never do," was what you were going to add, wasn't it?" said Sir Samuel. "That is true. Well, I thought, if I did, you might be afraid I should tempt you to join me again."

"I never could have had such an idea," exclaimed Amias, very much surprised.

"Well, then, come and see me whenever you have nothing better to do."

"I will, uncle," said Amias, with cordial earnestness.

"For," continued the old man, "I feel sometimes a great wish to have some of my own people about me." ("He never shows any care to have Felix about him," thought Amias.) "Tom has been away so long."

"He'll be home soon for his long leave," observed Amias, consolingly.

"But he'll go to his wife's people," said the old man. "I shall see very little of him. His wife's people are everything to him. And since I lost John — You don't remember John very well, do you?"

"I was almost a child when he went abroad," said Amias, faltering a little over those last words. He remembered no good of John, of course. "I can recall his face sometimes," he added.

"Ah! he was a fine fellow — a dear fellow. He would have come home long before this and been my companion," said the father. "Tom's a good fellow too,

only he's taken up with other things. He has been very long away, and you know the proverb says, 'Better is a neighbor that is near, than a brother far off.' That son John of mine—he is very far off, though always in my thoughts."

"Why, what a strange quotation, and what a confused speech!" thought Amias; "but he never can bear to speak of John." Then, intending to console, he said, "But I am more than a mere neighbor, uncle, you know. I am a blood relation, and of course I cannot help feeling an affection for you—and for *Amabel's grandfather*," was the addition in his mind. It gave a natural and pleasant earnestness to his tone, which was as cordial as his feeling.

Sir Samuel smiled, and was manifestly pleased. "The young," he said, "never return the affection of the old, but they give them what they can, my boy. God bless them! they give them what they can."

Amias could not be so base as to pretend for a moment that he had any such degree of regard toward Sir Samuel, as the old man had made evident toward himself; he felt at that moment that he had always been aware there was, according to the proverb, a "good deal of love lost" between them, and that now he must cultivate some return. Amabel would make this easy, and now he ventured to say, "Where's Amabel, uncle, and where's Delia?"

"I left them at the hall.—Oh! here you are, nephew parson. I came to find you and your aunt Sarah. I left the girls at the hall; they are going to dine with me, and I'll send them home at night in the carriage, unless you can spare them for a few days. In fact, I have been thinking that you might be glad, as Mrs. Snaith is gone, if I took them in."

Amias was desperately disappointed, but not a word could be said by him, and Sarah arranged the matter, and sent off her maid in charge of the various things that they would want.

"Come and dine with me to-morrow, Amias," said Sir Samuel as he rode off; and this, at least, was a consolation.

"I wonder whether it would make any difference to his liking for me," thought Amias, "if he knew that I loved his favorite granddaughter?" He revolved this in his mind till the evening, when Dick came home, and was extremely sulky when he found that the girls were out; very angry with them, too, for accepting the invitation, and much inclined to be uncivil to his

Aunt Sarah, when she enlarged on the convenience of the plan.

"It's a disgusting sell!" quoth Dick. "What is a fellow to do loafing about the place by himself?"

"In my opinion," said Aunt Sarah—"yes! in my opinion—a 'fellow' could not do better than get some cow-parsley to feed the rabbits."

"I shall feed Delia's rabbits," replied the schoolboy; "but as to Amabel's, she should not have left them. She is old enough to know better."

"Well, you may leave Amabel's to me, then," said Amias, with what was meant to be a gracious air, but which had far too much eagerness, and too much the manner of one seeking for a privilege.

And what a privilege it was! What interesting rabbits those were! All the information that Dick volunteered about them was so delightful. "Delia 'swapped' that old doe with Amabel for two bullfinches; the bullfinches fought and killed one another, and then Delia said she ought to have the doe back again, but Amabel wouldn't give it to her."

"And very right, too," exclaimed Amias.

"But Amabel generally gets the worst of it in all her bargains with Delia," observed Dick. "Delia's such a shrewd little puss; she can take anybody in."

"Gets the better of Amabel, does she?"

"Yes; Amabel's rather soft. However, they both cried like anything when a third of the bullfinches picked his brother's eyes out. That's the only thing I don't like about girls; they're so tender-hearted. Felix took the blind bullfinch away, and did for him, out of their sight."

Amias inspected all the pets and helped to feed them, waiting on chance for a word about Amabel; then he went and found his brother Felix.

Felix was up in the church tower. The parish clock was unconscionably slow. Felix was having it put right, and agreeing with the man who had regulated it, to let a good many of the cottagers know of the change. He never had any alterations made during working hours, or either the farmers or the laborers would have felt themselves aggrieved.

Amias looked out upon the chimneys of the rectory house, and at the long white road in the park that led up to the hall. Then the two brothers got on to a convenient little platform on the roof and enjoyed the cool air, for it was a hot evening.

"I have been thinking, old fellow," said Amias, "about some of the things you said this morning of Uncle Sam."

Felix had actually forgotten for the moment the sentence that he was alluding to.

"The fact is," continued Amias, "I always knew that he liked me."

"Of course," said Felix; "he never sees me without asking after you. I believe he likes you almost as well as he does Tom."

"Well, and I like him well enough."

"So I suppose. If I had to drive bargains with him, I should not like him; as it is, we get on excellently well. I should think he will take the girls away when they are grown up."

"I have been thinking, Felix, if it really would not annoy you at all, I should like to do as you said this morning. I was either to abide by your wishes, you know" — he said this half reproachfully, for Felix did not seem quite to understand him — "or you said I might consult him about Amabel. I think I chose amiss. I wish you would consider that the matter has yet to be decided."

"Well?" said Felix.

"Of course I shall always feel that you have been everything to the girls. If I ever win Amabel, I shall feel deeply grateful to you; in fact, I do now."

"And you want to lay the matter before old Sam instead?"

"Yes."

"You are bold."

"Am I, Felix? Well, I shall ask for nothing but his consent. He hates laying money down. In my case he will know, for I shall tell him, that I expect none, and in fact —"

"In what should have been the sequel to those last words lies the gist of the matter; and if he is to give his beautiful grandchild nothing, she ought not to marry a man of very moderate means."

"Very true, Felix; but I tell you I love her, and the more doubt there is as to his consent, the more I feel urged to speak. Besides, he has asked me to come and see him in London, and expressed great regard for me. I must not go and see him and make myself as agreeable as I can, and all the time feel that I am doing it not for his sake but for hers."

"You are aware that I know nothing about her parentage."

"Know nothing?" repeated Amias.

"I conjecture a good deal, but I *know* nothing. As I said this morning, I take for granted that these are John's children, and that is all."

"Yes, Felix, I am aware of the fact. It makes no difference to me."

"If old Sam knows anything more, it

sometimes occurs to me that it cannot be agreeable, or why should he keep it to himself?"

"I am not such a fool as to dislike the notion of the Dissenting minister's daughter."

"Of course not. Who is?"

"I have always known that there was some sort of doubt as to their parentage."

"Some sort of doubt? That exactly expresses the matter; and occasionally it occurs to me that this doubt is less a disadvantage to them than the truth would be. Therefore I never probe it; I ask Uncle Sam no questions."

"I am astonished that the girls never ask any."

"They are good and pure-minded little girls, and know little of disgrace and nothing of sorrow. No one, by talking of either parent, has excited any imaginary love or fancied regrets. They do not forbear to question, but simply no questions occur to them."

"Old Sam always treats Amabel as his granddaughter."

"And such I am persuaded she is. But that does not prove that she has a right to his name."

"She shall have a right to it, though," cried Amias, "if she will only take it. But you used always to feel sure that John had married Fanny. What has made you doubtful?"

"Nothing but time. In course of time I feel that this almost must have come out. What motive could her family have for concealing it?"

"She might have run away with him."

"Yes, poor little fool, she might," said Felix with a sigh, "and have concealed herself from them; but her marriage certificate in such a case could assuredly have been found, if old Sam had set to work to do it."

"Why, you seem to have almost taken for granted now that everything was as I most wish it might not have been."

"No; it would have cost a good deal of money to investigate the matter. I believe he also had his doubts — chose to take the children as they were, and also to save his money, hoping for the best."

"Or John might have married somebody else?"

"Even so."

"Mrs. Snaithe gave over their little fortunes to you, did she not?"

"Yes, and told me nothing."

"I am very sorry she is gone."

While Felix and Amias, as evening drew on, sat looking over the harvest fields,

and across to the somewhat over-wooded park, and the long, quiet mere or pool where Amias had chased the white owl and her chicken, Sir Samuel watched the two girls as he sat over his claret and they flitted about in the flower-garden, and his regret was the very echo of his nephews'. He thought bitterly of Mrs. Snaithe. "I am sorry she is gone," he also repeated: revolved in his mind how to find her, and regretted the whole course of his own conduct for the last twelve years.

Felix had done him no wrong. It was mainly because he grudged the expense, that he had made no investigations. The love of money almost always increases with age, and it has no relation whatever to the uses its possessor may be supposed to intend it for.

Money accumulated with Sir Samuel every year. His eldest son was dead. His son John was dead also. His son Tom was as saving as himself. Of course he looked to inherit a splendid fortune in the end, and he had a theory that when he came in for everything he should spend it freely, and live like a prince. Sir Samuel would willingly have increased his allowance. Tom accepted a certain addition, and saved it. His father was not displeased, but he told him how needless this was. He had more sense for his only remaining son than for himself. He sent a very handsome sum to his daughter-in-law, and proposed that Tom should buy her some jewels, as they were in the part of the world where these are finest; also a costly Indian shawl or so. Tom persuaded her, who was nothing loth, to save this also. Sir Samuel began to feel disturbed; he himself always kept a handsome table, a proper stable, a due staff of servants, etc. He loved money, but he was not a miser, and he began to fear that Tom was.

"And I am saving all this for him, and neglecting the claims of my dear John's children. Ah, he was no miser," thought the old man. "But, then, as long as that woman stayed, what was the good of setting expensive investigations on foot, which would have ended in my having to make the darlings a handsome allowance?"

Sir Samuel never admitted the least doubt on that head. "I could not have let Felix keep them for so small a sum, when once I had *proved* that they were my dear John's daughters. But I am sorry. How could I guess that woman would run off in such fashion? I shall now have to bribe her to appear, and buy the information she possesses at whatever sum she chooses to ask for it. I am sorry. I

would do differently if my time came over again. I suppose she thought she had waited long enough for me to speak. Well, so she had. She might well be vexed that I never asked her any more questions, or offered her anything to unseal her lips. How she would pull her dark brows down when I appeared! She must have it her own way. She has got the whip-hand of me now. What have I saved by this? Why, not much, after all. And what for? There's the pity of it. The love of money should always be kept within due bounds. I am almost afraid I have loved mine too well. The Lord have mercy on me, if it is so, and recover me into a better frame of mind!

From The Globe.

THE REIGN OF HUMOR.

NOTWITHSTANDING the prosaic nature of the age we live in, there is an increasing tendency to treat matters lightly which were formerly dealt with with all possible gravity. We see evidence of the fact every day in every phase of life. We see it peeping from behind the official gravity of ministers of State, gilding the hereditary decorum of ministers of religion, supplanting the solemn mien of the family doctor, mocking the cold dignity of the judge's robes, turning topsy-turvy the sacred symbols of all there is left of the parish beadle. We see the same tendency in the books we read, in the pictures we look at, in the speeches we hear, and in the axioms of the household. We no longer take our pleasures sadly, because we have ceased to be nurtured amid the dismal teaching that it is wrong to be found at places of amusement, and that it is a grave crime to be cheerful on Sunday. We have exchanged the philosophy of Heraclitus for that of Figaro; instead of weeping for the folly of mankind we make haste to laugh, for merriment has been proved to be a more effective tutor than mourning:—

For still the world prevailed, and its dread laugh,

Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn.

The old notion that the bride who did not weep profusely at her wedding was destined to live unhappily with her husband, has been exploded with the witchcraft that created it. That there is no huge impiety in the new order of things, is clear from the fact that it is endorsed and encouraged by the Church; and that it is

vastly more pleasant than the old *régime*, no one who has to the smallest extent realized the unutterable dreariness of living under the ægis of a remnant of the old dolorous school will be disposed to question. The credit of this social revolution is probably due chiefly to the lancet and the pen. The proverbs of a people have not less influence upon the national mind than their songs, and the well-founded epigram of a great man soon passes into the proverbial philosophy. Hence to the remark of Abernethy, that the appearance of a mountebank in a village wrought more good than all the apothecaries, is to be attributed an enormous share of the influence which swept away those lingering Puritanical prejudices that clogged the enlightenment and the enjoyment of the people. This famous dictum, delivered almost simultaneously with the disappearance of other medical myths, brushed away the cobwebs of generations, and broke up the ground for the literary husbandmen who were just then pointing their quills. That brilliant phalanx of teachers bore down upon their audience, and poured into the willing ear of the multitude the stores of their bright fancy and imagination. Each one took his especial branch; romance, humor, wit, satire, flowed in upon the parched senses until the appetite for one of the greatest gifts to mankind became strong and permanent. Some of the fossils of the old faith crept to the front, and lamented the levity and flippancy of the modern teaching, but they soon fell back and died out to swell the chorus of pious horror. Prominent among these cheery champions in the triumphant inroad upon the vested interests of pruders and priestcraft were Scott, Sydney Smith, Lamb, Hood, Dickens, and subsequently Thackeray, Jerrold, Leech, Lemon, and a bright band of others scarcely less known, and some of whom are prosecuting their task to this day. "I felt an earnest and humble desire, and shall do till I die," said Charles Dickens, when Edinburgh feasted him, a young man, in 1842, "to increase the stock of harmless cheerfulness. I felt that the world was not utterly to be despised; that it was worthy of living in for many reasons. I was anxious to find, as the professor (Christopher North) has said, if I could, in evil things that soul of goodness which the Creator has put in them." This was the high purpose which animated every one of the illustrious reformers who sought to develop a new interest and new delights in a life which in its happiest phases is not all felicity.

As all British children born at sea belong nominally to the parish of Stepney, so it is the quaint custom to assign all jokes and witticisms of doubtful authorship to one or two of the best-known humorists of the age. This flattering practice usually selects dead and gone authors for the distinction, possibly to preclude the possibility of disavowal; for when the public has made up its mind that the credit of a particular effort belongs to a particular person, it is apt to receive correction with a bad grace. These itinerant witticisms form a very important section of the comic currency of the day. Their travels and vicissitudes are frequently worthy of comparison with Othello's immortal adventures, and a thrilling volume of travel might be written with the title of "The Autobiography of a Joke." Born under adverse circumstances, deformed by some unskilful nurse, disowned by their parents, caught up as a curiosity by some destitute editor, thrust into close type and labelled *Facetia*, they run the gauntlet of some fifty newspapers, and after this precarious existence go upon the "parish" in the shape of some penny periodical. An energetic or an ambitious joke revolts against this cruel oblivion, and frequently emigrates, returning after a few years in comparative prosperity, and with a considerable addition to its bulk. It is not, however, allowed to rest upon its laurels. If it be seized as before, by the journalist, and if it betray any portion of its original composition, it is ruthlessly "cut down," or smothered in a new suit of verbiage. The luckless orphan generally succumbs to this second course of treatment, and dies an emaciated, done-up descendant of the late Joe Miller. In the original prospectus of *Punch*, it is stated that the new venture was intended to form a "refuge for destitute wits, an asylum for the thousands of orphan jokes, the superannuated Joe Millers, the millions of perishing puns, which are now wandering about without so much as a shelf to rest upon." It is to be feared that the veteran wit has long departed from, if he ever adhered to, his benevolent purpose; and a similar miscarriage of kindness took place when the late Mr. Camden Hotten, the publisher, announced the scheme of the new book of jests of which the general public was to be the author. The good philanthropist died shortly after the project was ventilated, and, like Thackeray's "Life of Talleyrand," and somebody else's "Life of Thackeray," the book has been added to the melancholy list of literary embryos.

Popular as the reign of humor has become with us, it is still a very dangerous thing to trifle on the subject of joke-making. Puns are a class of wit universally tabooed in cultivated society, and indeed very few persons in any walk of life will look with complacency upon a deliberate punster. If a pun be not of too obvious an origin, it may be tolerated by exceptional favor; but to repeat the experiment within the same four-and-twenty hours would be to court a most unwelcome retribution. Hence if, as is sometimes the case, a person of the flippant species of humanity feels it necessary to his personal safety, and in order to prevent general disintegration, to make a pun, he is usually careful to give it a second-hand appearance, and to add, "as Douglas Jerrold said," to his atrocity. We here notice with what shrewdness old John Dennis associated punsters with pickpockets, for if the punster be not a thief, he generally feels like one, and hatches all kinds of schemes to avoid exposure. There is, by the way, another serious aspect to the practice of engaging in the prickly pastime of manufacturing *facéties*. William Black tells a terrible story of a man who made an abstruse conundrum and forgot the answer. After groping about his deceptive memory for several days, he gave it up in despair and cut his throat.

From The Queen.

INTRODUCTIONS.

THE obtaining of introductions to foreigners of distinction or persons of celebrity visiting London during the season, is to many a matter of some difficulty, requiring not a little tact and discretion, combined with a thorough knowledge of the etiquette necessary to the occasion. Human nature is at all times given to lionizing, whether the lion be a big lion or a very little one; from a *bond fide* prince to a *soi-disant* baron, society is ever ready to accord a warm welcome, and to open its arms wide to all rightly claiming to be "foreigners of distinction;" but in proportion to the recognized social importance of the lion is the difficulty of obtaining an introduction. Many members of general society consider it incumbent upon them to make the acquaintance of all such celebrities and new arrivals. Those who move in the best society, and who have consequently a large visiting-list, go through this lionizing as a matter of course;

they are introduced to the lion, or he probably brings an introduction to them from some mutual friend residing abroad, and then follow receptions given in honor of the lion, to whom introductions are made more or less during the whole of the evening. If the lion be a popular, pleasant, intellectual one, his presence gives a fillip to a reception, and a *raison d'être* for the giving of one, and causes an interchange of new ideas, a widening of sympathies, an extension of thought between intellectual and cultivated minds, which might otherwise never have been called forth. If the lion be a prince or princess, he or she is usually attended by a suite; and even if the celebrity be but a private individual — some traveller of renown, for instance — he also is accompanied, if not exactly by a suite, at least by a party of friends; thus many pleasant intimacies and friendships are formed at these *réunions* and receptions, which are often of lifelong duration; and often, too, these intimacies and friendships prove of great service to English people when travelling abroad, for foreigners, of whatever nationality, never forget any hospitality shown to them, or any civility accorded to them, or the right hand of good-fellowship extended to them; and when opportunity offers the return is given with no niggardly hand. The proper etiquette to be followed by those desirous of an introduction to some distinguished visitor to these shores would be to solicit the good offices of some mutual friend to make the desired introduction, which must be personally made. Many persons are under the impression that by leaving their cards upon foreigners of distinction they can thus claim or found an acquaintanceship with them; but unless they have been formally introduced, the leaving cards is a useless proceeding, a mere waste of time and pasteboard. Lionizing, in the general sense of the word, is not only a pleasant but also a profitable amusement; providing always that the lionizing takes a right direction, and that no mistake is made as to the social status of the lion, as has already been said to know a foreigner on his own ground in his own country is of real benefit to English travellers, as by this means they at once obtain a footing in the best society of the place. Failing this passport to foreign society, an introduction to the English minister or consul at any given city or small town, is the alternative when English travellers are desirous of entering into society abroad. But these introductions cannot be officially obtained, and are

only to be effected through the kindness of mutual friends. At far-away spots, little frequented by the general run of travellers, and where there are but few, if any, resident English, travellers requiring advice or assistance from the English consul, can, without an introduction, call upon him, their nationality being the ground upon which they would do this; and if of equal social standing they would be received with consideration; if otherwise, all assistance would be given to them from an official point of view, if not from a social one.

Many people when travelling abroad make pleasant acquaintances, even without the help of introductions, the occasion of the meeting being as it were an introduction in itself. Sketching in the Tyrol, climbing the Matterhorn, sojourning at the same hotel, dining night after night at the same *table d'hôte*; all this constitutes a speaking acquaintance, which ultimately, perhaps, ripens into intimacy and friendship. The making of these casual acquaintanceships is, however, attended with a certain amount of risk, especially to persons who have been absent from England some little time, or who when in England have mingled comparatively but seldom in society, and who are thus apt to drift unawares into close friendships with people perhaps well-bred and agreeable, but who are tabooed at home for some good and sufficient reason. *Contretemps* such as these are painful to kind-hearted people when they are compelled to avoid and to relinquish the acquaintance of those with whom they have become pleasantly intimate, but whose acquaintance they ought, under the circumstances, never to have made. An introduction to an influential person, a resident in either town or city, would most likely obviate any unpleasantness of this nature, as persons so situated

are generally kept *au courant* with all that takes place at home; so much so, that if any reason exists why persons should not be visited, and they are unwise enough to endeavor to effect an entrance into foreign society, by renewing a previous acquaintance with the English minister or consul by leaving cards upon him, he would at once send back the cards so left as an intimation that he declined their acquaintance. Even at watering-places at home the uninitiated are apt to fall into the mistake of becoming acquainted with undesirable people, who, although bearing titles, are, strictly speaking, out of the pale of society, and who are proportionately affable and gracious to those within the pale, and who would be far below them in social standing but for their thus being ostracised by society at large.

With respect to introductions, persons going abroad make a point of obtaining as many good introductions as possible from friends and even acquaintances, and every one is most willing to be of use to their friends in this way, and to give letters of introduction to residents abroad; but at home in society it is not usual to call upon friends and acquaintances for introduction, unless some particular reason existed for so doing, other than the wish to increase a somewhat limited circle of acquaintances.

Introductions when made are usually of a spontaneous and unpremeditated nature, except, as has already been said, in the case of a foreign celebrity, or in that of an Englishman having gone somewhere, done something, and returned home to find himself famous, and so become a lion. Introductions to these heroes are naturally sought for and desired, and such requests are looked upon as very reasonable ones, and with which mutual friends and acquaintances are ever ready to comply.

KERITE.—This is the name given to artificial caoutchouc, invented by Mr. A. G. Day. Its inventor claims it to possess eminent merits as a substitute for gutta-percha for telegraphic cables. He states that the kerite core is not injuriously affected by extremes of heat and cold experienced in any climate nor by length of exposure to the atmosphere. He affirms that it will endure long-continued heat below 200 degrees Fahr., and for short intervals as high as 250 degrees to 300 degrees Fahr.; that it may be safely immersed in boiling water; that salt and fresh water improve its insula-

tion; that it is not injured by the roots of plants which soon destroy gutta-percha; that acids act very slowly and only superficially upon it; while hot, concentrated alkalis do not affect it; and that mineral oils and illuminating gas, so far as is known, do not deteriorate its insulating qualities. It is further claimed, on the strength of samples of this core laid in the Caribbean Sea and on the Isthmus of Panama, that neither the teredo, so destructive to gutta-percha in the former, nor the white ant of the latter, has harmed it.

Electrician.